





the

LINK

January 1973

ONLY IN AMERICA

WILLIAMS OF NEW JERSEY

A PROMISE CHANGED HIS LIFE







THE LINK



VOL. 31

JANUARY 1973

NO. 1

STORIES

"T'WAS THE NIGHT	Irma Hegel	20
PAPER MEMORIES	Carl Singer	50

ARTICLES

ONLY IN AMERICA	Harold Helfer	5
A PROMISE CHANGED HIS LIFE	Norma Young Carlson	8
YOUR VOICE: A MENACE TO YOUR FUTURE?	Henry N. Ferguson	15
WORLD'S BIGGEST CHRISTMAS CAROL "SING"	James Aldredge	24
OUR SON WAS DROWNING EMOTIONALLY	Anonymous	26
STAMPS FOR THE WOUNDED	Eva Kraus	30
WILLIAMS OF NEW JERSEY	Caspar Nannes	34
MY HUNDRED CHILDREN	John Timmerman	38
LITTERBUGS ARE PICKING YOUR POCKETS!	Stanley Jacobs	46
YOUR WORDS BETRAY YOU!	Edward Breese	56

OTHER FEATURES

DAILY BIBLE READINGS	55
NEWS IN PICTURES	59
THE LINK CALENDAR	61
WORTH REPEATING	62
BOOKS ARE FRIENDLY THINGS	63
PRAYERS FOR THE NEW YEAR	64
AT EASE!	65

COVERS

Front: "Star of wonder, star of night"—J. H. Hopkins, Jr.
 Back: "The light shineth in darkness . . ." (John 1:5 KJV)
 Inside Front: The Flight into Egypt (Matt. 2:13-15)
 Inside Back: "Welcome to our Winter Wonderland!"

All cover photographs by H. Armstrong Roberts.

ART WORK: Illustrations by Stanton V. Levy.

Copyright © 1972 by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel.

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

THE LINK wishes its readers a happy New Year, one filled with goodness, peace, and love.

After December 25 the Christmas rush ends, but the enjoyment of the Season has just gotten underway. We turn to one another, we visit, we feast, and wind up a year. In the Christian calendar Christmas lasts til Epiphany, the Feast of the Magi, on January 6. Thus, in this January issue, while not unmindful of the fact that a New Year has arrived and that "new occasions teach new duties," we linger a bit with the Christmas Season. Our front cover features that Star of the East which led and leads wise men to worship; it would seem that we would do well to tarry at the Manger with them in reverent contemplation before we plunge back into the maelstrom of daily life. Our candle-lit back cover announces the Advent of Light into a world of winter darkness. We like to hope that **THE LINK** may help to bring some of that Light into the lives of its readers in 1973.

S T A F F

Editor **EDWARD I. SWANSON**
Executive Editor **A. RAY APPELQUIST**
Circulation Manager **ISABEL R. SENAR**
Editorial Assistant
and Secretary **JEANETTE A. RICHOUX**

Individual subscriptions: \$3.50 a year. To Churches: \$3.00 in lots of ten or more to one address.

For chaplains: Bulk orders to bases for distribution to personnel (in person, by mail, in back of chapel, etc.) invoiced yearly or quarterly at twenty cents per copy.

Published monthly by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel at 122 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C. and at additional mailing offices.

Send notification of Change of Address and all other correspondence to Edward I. Swanson, Editor, 122 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

NOTE: All writers whose materials appear in this magazine present their personal views. Unless otherwise stated, these views do not represent the official position of the General Commission or of any governmental or private agency to which the writer may be related.

All scripture quotations, unless otherwise designated, are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, copyrighted 1946 and 1952 by the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of the Churches of Christ, United States of America.



Member, Associated Church Press

Only ***in America***

By Harold Helfer

OF ALL the official Presidential advisers since the founding of this Republic, few have had a more unusual background than a present member of the White House staff, Michael Balzano.

He's an ex-garbageman.

In fact, if he hadn't been a garbageman he might never have become a Presidential adviser.

To begin at the beginning: Michael was born and grew up in New Haven, Connecticut. He came from an Italian family and English was little spoken in the home. Consequently, he had trouble in school with reading and with other subjects as well. He made it to high school but soon became a dropout. He just didn't feel he was "with it."

Having no skill and being practically illiterate, he turned to some-

thing that required almost nothing but sheer physical effort. He became a garbageman.

And that's what he might have been to this day . . . if it hadn't been that one morning, while lifting a heavy garbage can, he sprained his back. That laid him up for awhile and gave him a chance to do some thinking and brooding.

He felt ashamed of himself. Not that he was a garbageman. That was an honest job, and a man could make enough to get by doing this. What hurt was that he read so poorly, that he knew so little about things in general, that he was so ignorant. Twenty-one now, Michael Balzano started going to night school and to take up a trade.

The ex-garbage man became an optician and a fine one. He was



Michael Balzano — “Bent on making people feel more creative about their jobs — and their lives.” A heavy garbage can, spraining his back, changed the course of his life.

making \$10,000.00 a year, with the promise of his income's going steadily upward. But, still, he wasn't quite satisfied. Now that he could read well, he'd become an avid reader and discovered there was so much more he wanted to know about so many things. He began taking evening courses at Bridgeport University — and wound up graduating at the top of his class.

But this only whetted his appetite. He decided he'd like to go to Georgetown University in Washington to earn a Ph.D. degree. His doctoral dissertation on the nation's poor and the fact that the "Horatio Alger-American Dream" had begun to fade, causing many people to feel hopelessly trapped and unable to better themselves, caused a considerable stir and finally came to the attention of the Administration. Michael was made a consultant to Joseph Blatchford, director of Action, the agency which succeeded VISTA and other volunteer-type branches of the government. Then he became a senior policy development specialist at the Office of Economic Opportunity and, finally, was

appointed to President Nixon's personal staff. His primary job is to interpret for the President the feelings and problems of the nation's blue collar workers.

The thing that concerns Michael Balzano the most — and he says it is also a deep concern of President Nixon — is the "achievement ethic." "It is being eroded," he says, "in every corner of our society from our welfare system to our institutions of higher learning."

So what the young man from New Haven — he's thirty-six now — is bent on doing more than anything else is to make people feel more creative about their jobs — and their lives. He says that he and the President want to take "the outstanding characteristics" of what has always been typical of the American worker — "industry, sacrifice, perseverance, patriotism" — and "impart these nation-building traits to all Americans." In such qualities lies our hope for the future.

If this can be done, if the Horatio Alger dream can be restored to American life, we'll owe a lot to an ex-garbage man. ■ ■



A Promise

Changed His Life

By Norma Young Carlson

A thankful young man builds a memorial . . .

IT WAS the mid-1950's and Ronald Ligon, scion of a wealthy family, was in his second year at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee.

Then tragedy struck as his collegiate activities were suddenly interrupted by tuberculosis. The attack was so severe he was not expected to live.

Physicians attending the gravely ill know the depths of mental despair that can depress even the bravest spirit. And it was during his period of deepest depression that Ronald resolved, at first secretly, that should his health be restored he would devote whatever time and effort it required to build some type of significant memorial to express his gratefulness to divine providence.

Gradually, Ronald began to re-

cover. As he progressed, he discussed the decision with his parents who appreciated his thankful spirit and were sympathetic with his pledge.

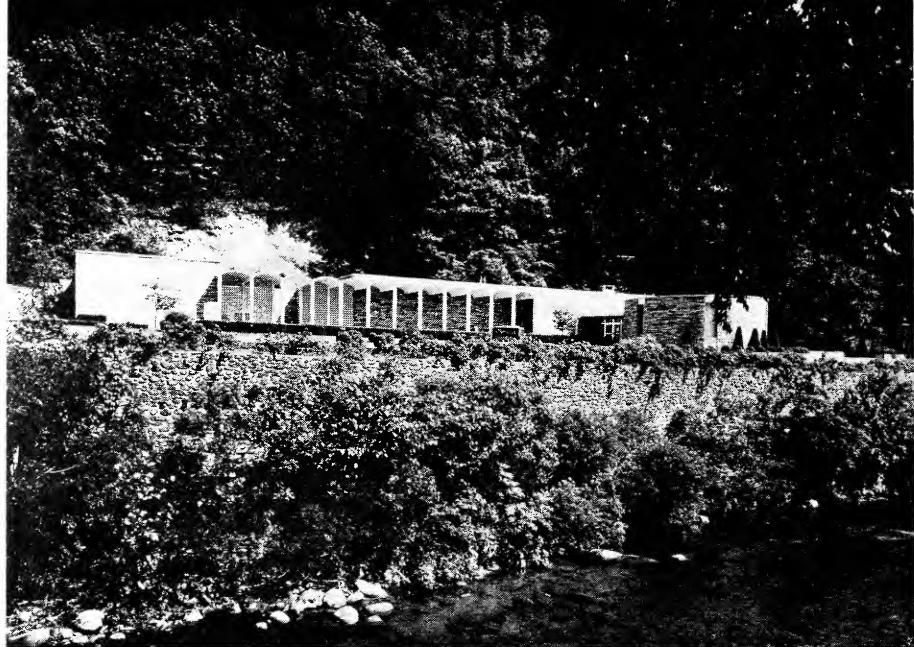
As they talked about the idea, it became evident that this memorial was going to be of a scope that would involve the whole family.

When fully recovered, Ronald began preparations to fulfill his promise to himself and to Christ. He determined to build one of the most unusual monuments to Christianity ever created by man.

A first exploratory step, he decided, would be a series of visits to various existing religious memorials of noteworthy scope. In this way, he reasoned, he would escape merely duplicating the efforts of others. He began a series of air trips that in one year totaled 80,000 miles. The search



The Christus Gardens Nativity Scene at Gatlinburg, Tenn., includes life-size figures of Mary and Joseph, the three Wise Men, and four Shepherds. Created by famous English wax-figure artisans, the tableau has been visited by countless thousands since its opening in 1960.



On the banks of the Little Pigeon River near the center of Gatlinburg, this stately marble building houses the three-dimensional biblical scenes of Mr. Ligon's Christus Gardens.

took him to England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Portugal, as well as to numerous points within the United States and Canada. Everywhere he went, when the purpose of the visit became known, he found people eager to be as helpful as possible.

One might think that by the time a person had circled the globe the equivalent of three times in one year, travel might have become a real burden. But it hadn't to Ronald. He had always enjoyed traveling; in fact it was one of his greatest interests, so the ambitious task of rounding up ideas for the memorial never became burdensome.

A vacation trip to Canada helped

shape Ronald's final decision. He and his father, H. Raymond Ligon, had stopped to ask directions in the Canadian Niagara Falls city they were visiting.

His father approached what appeared to be a conveniently stationed policeman and asked a question. But no reply came. The question was repeated, but the aloof lawman made no effort to reply. No wonder! He was one of the many wax figures in the Louis Tussaud Wax Museum operated by J. A. "Bus" MacTaggart in the Canadian Tourist Center!

By this means Ronald was able to prove a point to his father in a most convincing manner: skillfully created



The eyes of the sculptured face of Christ, carved in a huge block of Carrara marble, always seem to follow the viewer, no matter where he stands. The sculpture is a concave or intaglio carving.

wax figures have a realism which is amazingly deceptive!

"Bus" MacTaggart called Ronald's attention to the manner in which wax figures were being installed in dramatic action dioramas which seemed to capture a moment of history in graphic realism, instead of in the static poses usually found in many wax museums. He explained that these displays were the work of a Toronto family that was about to complete some installations in Niagara Falls.

Ronald promptly headed for Toronto and the Deroy family of Deroy Displays. Derek Deroy, one of the sons, was a skilled artist. Stanley Deroy, the father, had had years of

experience in England creating and building theater state sets which he had put to use in creating the figures for the Tussaud Museum.

BY THIS time Ronald had decided on the format of the memorial — chronological, life-size scenes from Christ's life on earth. And he had consulted with ministers of many different religious faiths as to which scenes should be selected for portrayal.

Those chosen were the Nativity, the young Christ talking to the wise men in the temple, Christ tempted by Satan on the mountaintop, the Sermon on the Mount, Christ inviting the little children to "come unto



Casting dice for the robe of Christ. Roman centurions gamble to see who will own Christ's robe at the Crucifixion (cf. Matt. 27:35). This is one of several biblical scenes depicted at Christus Gardens. Their wax figures are considered among the finest anywhere in the world.

Me," the Last Supper, the Crucifixion, Christ appearing to Mary at the empty tomb, and the Ascension.

The Deroy team was intensely interested in Ronald's ideas. Artist Derek was quick to seize his sketch

pad as his nimble mind visualized dioramas in which wax figures would be the biblical characters.

Next, Ronald had to select a permanent home for the series of life-size scenes. After considering many possibilities, he settled on Gatlinburg, Tennessee, nestled in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains. He did so for two reasons. First, because it would be accessible to the millions of families who make this the nation's most-visited national park. Second, he felt the natural beauty of the Great Smokies was most appropriate for so essentially spiritual a project.

To house the scenes Ronald wanted a structure in keeping with a non-denominational religious theme and also one that would give impressive dignity and beauty.

The result was a stately marble building set off with an entrance way of solar screen tile set in graceful arches. Situated on the banks of the sparkling Little Pigeon River at the foot of Crockett Mountain, the structure was further enhanced by a carefully selected landscape of native shrubs and trees and floral borders. He named it Christ Gardens.

Also constructed, somewhat apart from the main structure, was a circular building named The Rotunda which houses religious displays and contains an electronic carillon that provides a fifteen-minute concert each evening.

WHILE the buildings were being constructed, Mr. Ligon was also busy arranging for the wax figures to be made and costumed, for appropriate music and narration to

accompany the scenes, and was developing an automated system to coordinate tours through the memorial.

Recalling his visit to the famed wax museum of Madam Tussaud in London, Ronald headed for the British capital in order to consult personally with Gems, Ltd., noted creator of many life-like wax figures displayed not only in London but in art centers all over the world.

Keith L. Gems, whose firm has had more than three generations of experience in this unique art, showed him the steps in creating the realistic figures. First, a sculptor creates a clay model from which the permanent mold is prepared. This mold base is covered with a beeswax coating which later is worked into the final finished exterior. Medically approved eyes, such as those employed in replacing human eyes lost by accident or illness are used. Strands of human hair are inserted one by one in a tedious operation, and the hair stylist arranges the hair to suit the character of the individual and the styles worn when he was alive.

Of particular importance to the realism of the scenes Ronald was striving to achieve were the costumes. They were especially meaningful in biblical days when custom required each person to "dress the part," according to his character and station in life. Chosen for this responsibility was B. J. Simmons, Ltd., of London. This world-famous firm was the costumer for the motion pictures *Ben Hur* and *Quo Vadis*. To heighten authenticity Simmons had the cloth for each costume woven in

the very land where the characters had lived!

Ronald realized that to set the mood for each scene fitting background musical selections would lend great beauty and significance, especially if the numbers were sung by a well-trained choir.

So, he turned to his long-time friend and former teacher, Dr. Cyrus Daniel, musical director at Vanderbilt University in Nashville. The songs finally chosen by the specially selected choir included: "In the Garden," "Silent Night," "Oh Master Workman," "Once to Every Man," "Spirit of God," "The Lord's Prayer," "Tell Me the Story of Jesus," "In the End of the Sabbath," and the "Hallelujah Chorus." To accompany the music and explain each scene, Ronald recruited David Cobb, a widely known and experienced radio and TV personality of Nashville.

RONALD wanted Christus Gardens to be as free from commercialism as possible and to have an inspirational air of quiet dignity. So Christus Gardens operates without tour guides. A computerized system opens and closes doors at appropriate intervals and coordinates the introductory slide program, music and narration. After completion of the description at a particular scene, the lights grow dim while those illuminating the adjacent diorama build up to the desired intensity, thus signaling "time to advance" on the tour.

Even after investing more than a million dollars of his own money in the initial project, Ronald still adds other unique religious artifacts.

One of the most unusual and now the most photographed single object in Gatlinburg is the mysterious marble face of Christ located in the Patio Garden at Christus Gardens. Ronald discovered the six-ton concave sculpture while visiting in Italy. It came from the famous Carrara marble quarries where Michelangelo secured the marble from which he made his famous masterpiece "David."

A feature of the carving is that the entire face, and particularly the eyes, seems to follow the viewer no matter where he stands. And as the viewer moves from one side of the sculpture to the other, the eyes of Christ appear to move with him.

Christus Gardens officially opened its doors on August 13, 1960, and has since hosted millions of visitors from every state in the country and from a growing number of foreign countries.

After visiting the Gardens shortly after its opening, Mr. Gems, creator of the eighty wax figures, wrote Ronald: "Your beautiful building and exquisite presentation of my figures is unique, since they are motivated by reasons other than commercial gain; and I doubt if my work will ever again receive quite the fabulous presentation that your Christus Gardens offers."

A great many other guests have also recorded their feelings in the registration book following their visits. Their comments reflect the atmosphere of spiritual serenity Christus Gardens gives — a feeling which almost defies adequate description.

Your Voice: A Menace To Your Future?

By Henry N. Ferguson

THREE thousand years ago a perceptive Egyptian priest penned these words: "Make thyself a craftsman in speech for thereby thou shalt gain the upper hand." This statement is just as true today as it was in the time of the Pharaohs. More than three-fourths of individual communication is by word of mouth; unfortunately, so few of us pay any heed to the way we talk that, instead of doing a selling job on our listeners, we fail to get a message through to them at all.

Learning how to crash through this communications barrier is a must for successful living in today's world. Have you ever considered what kind of impression you make when you open your mouth? When you are applying for a job, answering a question in class, or engaged in an ordinary conversation, how does your voice sound to your listeners?

Does it come through clearly and pleasantly? Or does it sound slurred, harsh, weak, or tiresome? Does your audience breathe a sigh of relief when you have finished?

Our Speech Reveals Us

The moment a person opens his mouth to talk he reveals a great

Mr. Ferguson is a freelancer living in Brownsville, Texas 78250

deal about what makes him tick. His voice broadcasts whether he is sloppy, timid, self-assured, calm or nervous; whether he thinks clearly or crookedly. In short, his voice not only projects a clear picture of his personality, but also suggests what his relations are likely to be with every person he encounters.

Taped to the cash register in my neighborhood grocery is a sign which reads, "Ninety Per Cent of the Friction in Everyday Life Is Caused by Tone of Voice." This observation is not new by any means — the same thought was expressed in the ancient proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." We all recognize the truth in such maxims, yet under the pressure of modern life our voices sometimes reflect our inner tensions and become sharp and irritable.

Consider the effect of tone of voice in business relationships. Many small businessmen have lost patronage simply because they forgot to watch that tone. "We've never had any complaints before," a store-keeper might say to a customer who is returning unsatisfactory merchandise. But *how* does he say it? Delivered in a gruff tone, this simple statement of fact reflects on the customer's integrity and puts him on the defensive. But the same words spoken in a soft, wondering voice imply amazement and regret that the merchandise has failed to please, and they soothe the customer.

There are two easy ways to guard against the brusque, offending tone. The first is merely the time-honored admonition to count to ten before speaking under stress. Any such delay will distract you momentarily and help avert the hair-trigger anger and harsh words that so often lead to a fight.

The second is a brake on the sharp answer. Take in a breath before you reply, then speak as you exhale gently. Your answer is bound to be soft.

Use these two little tricks in your everyday life — with friends, family and strangers — and you will discover how rewarding it is to watch your tone! Big business spends thousands of dollars annually training the voices of its employees. The Bell Telephone Company realized long ago the importance of pleasant-sounding operators. Radio and television producers must have their commercials delivered by attractive voices, and in Hollywood the training of every actor and actress includes learning to speak clearly and in carefully modulated tones.

Does Your Voice Irritate? Attract? Command?

Have you ever wondered just what your voice sounds like to others? A simple experiment will tell you. The result may be a shock, but at least you will discover just how irritating your voice may often be. Stand a foot away from a corner of the room, facing it; place your

hands over your ears and say a few words. Better still, make a voice recording and listen to it. If you're not altogether satisfied with the sound of it, play the record over and over and try to analyze the sources of your dissatisfaction. Check to see if you hit the same tone too often. Do your words bubble like a spring freshet, tumbling from your mouth pell-mell? As though you're witnessing a volcanic eruption and maybe sitting in some of the lava?

Youngsters who are eager to obtain good positions upon graduation need to give extra thought to their speaking voices. This was brought home to me recently when a friend of mine who seemed to be in line for the vice-presidency of his firm was passed over. When I asked another officer of the company what happened, he explained: "Joe missed out because — well, to be frank, he doesn't *sound* like a vice-president. Joe has such a thin, uncertain voice that the boss was afraid he might make important customers he dealt with lose confidence in us." Joe is now working diligently to put more assurance into his voice.

People have an almost universal reaction to various types of speech. It's amazing how quickly your associates will unconsciously pin a label on you as a result of the way in which your voice sounds in their ears.

Do you mumble? A savvy listener will mark you as self-centered, a daydreamer, unconcerned with others and probably not in command of your facts.

Do you shout? You probably feel inferior, afraid nobody will pay attention to you.

Do you stutter, hesitate, stumble? Chances are you're timid, insecure, low on self-esteem, and fearful that your suppressed hostile feelings will pop out.

Do you speak slowly and precisely? You're most likely pompous, cautious, and essentially indecisive.

A chatterbox? You're probably high-strung, mentally lazy and, if people don't trust your noisy affection, they've probably got good grounds.

Even the way you laugh speaks volumes to a listener. A horse laugh marks you as self-righteous, stubborn, a bit contemptuous and skeptical.

A titter — uneasiness, self-consciousness. A belly laugh — self-satisfaction, slow-thinking, a great need for physical comfort.

A chuckle, on the other hand, indicates tactfulness, sincerity, and control of temper.

Are you satisfied with the way you measure up? If not, change your ways — give up deceit and aggression. And practice chuckling a few minutes each day.

Making People Listen

Do you erect barriers to listening when you speak? *Making* people listen when you are talking is of pivotal importance in your life.

On the job or on the campus, you can make persons listen to you without being an offensive glad-hander. Persuasiveness consists in cultivating the art of saying the right thing at the right time in the right place with the right bodily attitude and in the right tone of voice. Interestingly, when the words you use and the tone of voice in which you say them contradict each other, it is the tone of voice and not the words themselves which the listener believes. Try, for instance, speaking endearing words in a strident tone to your dog; he will react as though you are angry. Use insulting words in honeyed tones and he will sense that you are expressing approval.

Keep in mind always that words are your servants. Don't make a big thing out of what should be a simple expression; use direct, moving words. Remember that all important things have little names — life, death, peace, war, love, home, faith, etc. The Bible is made up of words that are small in size but great in shape and tone. For instance: "And God said let there be light; and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good."

Don't be discouraged when you discover you have an unsatisfactory voice. You *can* do something to improve its quality.

One of the finest ways to learn proper speech is to listen to a good actor as he talks. Note his articulation — the movement of lips, tongue, teeth and palate which interrupt the flow of vocal sounds to form words. You'll find those sounds are pliant to his will, projecting and presenting his personality in almost perfect word formation.

Exercises

Stand in front of a mirror and practice sounding the five vowels of the English language, A, E, I, O, U, with the mouth well opened. Repeat tongue-twisting phrases such as "Fanny Finch fell for Flirty Freddy Fowler."

Do you speak in a monotone? Salesmen torture customers by droning. This speech deficiency is usually the result of "talking through the nose." Test for this by holding your nose while you say "meaning." You should feel a vibration in your nose. If not, the "flatness" may be corrected by opening your mouth wider when you talk. Try saying "olive" by opening your lips only slightly. Then repeat it while really opening your mouth and rolling out the word. Notice the increased richness?

Be careful of your posture. Stand erect, with shoulders and head up. You have probably never thought much about your diaphragm, the band of muscle a few inches above your midriff. Yet the diaphragm

is the bellows that blows the fire of life into your speech. If you have suspected that people paid little attention to you when you talked, perhaps your "bellows" needs strengthening. Try taking "deep-breathing walks." See how long you can read aloud from your newspaper with one breath. As your breath control improves, you should be able to read for twenty seconds with one breath.

You can check your breath control by holding a lighted candle or match about four inches from your mouth. Then, trying not to blow out the flame, say "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." If you blow out the flame you have poor breath control.

The average person enunciates poorly, pronounces incorrectly, and articulates with careless abandon. He is guilty of jumbling phrases in an inexcusable manner. For instance, he says: "Yadonsay" for "You don't say," "Whaddayawant?" for "What do you want?" and "Zatso?" for "Is that so?"

The best way to correct this "lip-laziness" is to read aloud regularly. Read slowly and studiously. Such practice develops fluency of speech and trains the ear for sound and rhythm.

Better speech alone won't garner a job or earn you the respect of subordinates — but it certainly never hurts to put your best voice forward. As your speech improves, and you greet people more openly and cheerfully, your whole life will show signs of improvement. When you sound better, you can't help feeling better. And before you know it, people will start looking at you with new respect, as though they had never really noticed you before. It's a wonderful feeling.

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Ecclesiastes 5:3; Jeremiah 7:34; Ezekiel 33:32; John 10:3-5; 1 Cor. 14:11, 19.

1. Do you agree that one's voice really does suggest the inner person? Are there respects in which this is not the case?
2. Can you illustrate from your own experience the truth of the adage, "It's not what you say that counts, but the way you say it"?
3. What is the role of one's voice in the projecting of one's image?
4. Does the Bible agree, by and large, with this author's views about the importance of one's voice? Can you illustrate?

**Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.**

Alfred Tennyson: *In Memoriam*, cvi, 1850

'Twas the Night

By Irma Hegel

Brette begins the new year with a thankful heart

THE firecrackers exploded on the drive directly below the living room window. Brette Sather started, then settled down to the unpaid bills on his desk again. The Avallone twins next door must be celebrating the New Year early, he decided. He hoped the noise hadn't awakened Marcella or two-year-old Sally Ann. Both of them were recovering from the flu. They needed sleep.

He shuffled through the bills once more. Utilities must come first, then the mortgage payment on their house, half at least on Dr. Dahle's bill. By cutting corners, he could manage a donation to their church for the new Sunday school addition. But around the fifth of the month, more bills would be arriving from their Christmas shopping. Brette heard a crowd of merrymakers with

horns and whistles pass the house. He thought of William Godwin's poem.

The log was burning brightly,
'Twas a night that should banish all
sin,
For the bells were ringing the Old
Year out,
And the New Year in.

Brette leaned back in his chair, laughing drily. No time for sinning for him. Nose to the grindstone always. Eight hours a day at the factory, week in, week out, not even seniority enough for a decent vacation. The morass of debts all began with getting married. New furniture and miscellanies to furnish a home on the easy payment plan. *Easy payments* — that was a laugh. Soaring

food costs, the upkeep of a car, the arrival of a baby. He'd never get out from under.

It was all so desperately unfair. Look at Tony, Marcella's younger brother. On her mother's death, eight years ago, Marcella had raised the boy and spoiled him rotten. Tony hung like a millstone around their necks. He'd been flunked out of college, tried a half-dozen jobs from which he'd been dismissed, gone through the thousand dollar insurance money his father had left him, borrowed repeatedly from them, and was probably at some night club this evening, enjoying himself in his usual style. No responsibilities, no love for God or man. No nothing.

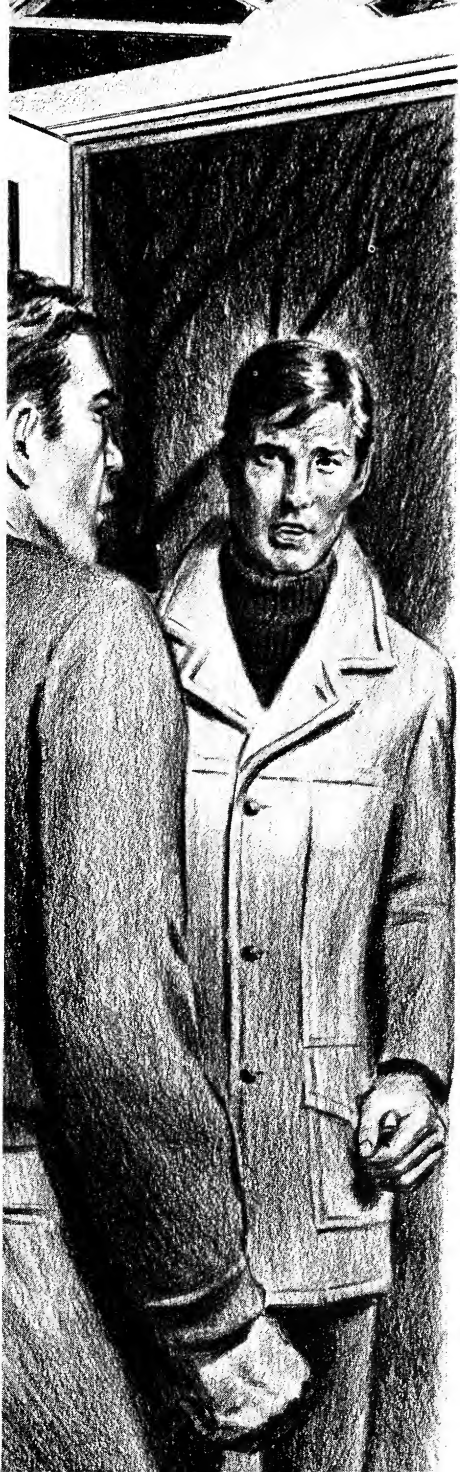
A soft knock sounded on the door and Brette grunted. Who on earth would be calling at eleven o'clock at night?

HE opened the door and saw Tony in the smart green car-coat Marcella had given her brother for Christmas. The boy's black hair was all cowlicks from the light snow falling outdoors. His thin face looked more emaciated than usual. "Come in," Brette said. "Marcella's asleep. She and Sally Ann have both been sick. I won't awaken her."

"I really came to see you, Brette," Tony replied. "I saw your light and knew you must be up."

Brette waved his brother-in-law to a chair and slumped his own gangling length on the couch. "Well, what is it this time?"

Tony shrugged off his coat, letting it drop to the floor. What did he care? He didn't have to pay for it.



"I've been a pain in the neck to you and Marcella, haven't I, Brette?"

Brette leaned back. "You're twenty-two, little brother. Let's say it's time you grew up."

"I guess I never did, and never will. Tonight I need help desperately."

"How much?" Brette demanded.

"It isn't money." Tony twisted his thin hands nervously. "For the first time in my life, I've got to face something I can't face. I want to know — how much do you believe in God, Brette? The Spocks were never a churchgoing family. But when you started dating Marcella, you got my sister to go to church with you, reading the Bible, praying. You had a church wedding. Is it on the level?"

"What are you getting at?" Brette questioned.

Tony's dark eyes looked haunted. His gaunt face had taken on a ghastly pallor. "I don't want you spilling what I'm going to tell you to Sis — not yet anyway. I was at the clinic in the city all last week. The doctors tell me I have an inoperable tumor on my brain — malignant."

Brette straightened and sat forward. "The Melchett Clinic, Tony? Did you have the best specialists?"

"Oh, sure. I've been dating Penny Kistler, as you know. Penny's an R.N. Her father's a doctor. He made all the arrangements. I've been seeing Dr. Kistler for my headaches. He suspected something, especially when my eyes started going."

"We'll get the opinion of some other doctors."

"No, Brette, please. Just tell me if there's a God that will see me

through this. I've never prayed. I've laughed at you and Marcella for your churchgoing. Now I'm scared."

BRETTE reached over and took Tony's thin hands, pulling him to a seat beside him on the couch. "God is real, closer than our breathing, nearer than hands and feet. *Feel* his presence, Tony."

"I can't."

"You've just talked to me. Talk to God. Tell him about your fears. Put all your problems in his hands and let him have them forever. He'll send you help, and bless your affliction."

"Do you do this with your problems, Brette?"

"Not always. Tonight I was sitting at my desk trying to figure out how we could pay all our bills. I'll admit I was choked with self-pity, resentful of others better situated financially than I am. A true Christian would have been praying for strength, and finding it."

"Prayers don't get answered, Brette. Penny's a believer like you and Marcella. She and her nurses prayed every day for me in the hospital chapel. What did I get? A death sentence, less than six months away. The thing is growing."

"You have the wrong slant on prayer," Brette explained. "Our faith in God isn't based on the answer we expect to receive from our frantic prayers. Our faith ought to be big enough to stand the shock of his answer, whatever it might be, knowing all the while that God has the larger plan. Jesus Christ prayed that the cup be removed from him. But God did not save his own Son from the



cross. Rather, through that cross he saved a world. Trust in God's greater plan for you."

Tony nodded. "You do believe, Brette. You've made me believe in God, and I'm not afraid anymore. Please — will you pray with me now?"

"Let's both kneel down at the couch here," said Brette. "We'll thank God for a suffering you're going to triumph over."

Later, when Tony departed, his shoulders were erect. There was color in his gaunt face.

The bells were chiming the midnight hour. Horns and whistles were blowing as Brette tiptoed into the bedroom. Marcella stirred on her

pillow, then sat up.

"Happy New Year, darling." Brette bent to kiss his wife.

"Happy New Year," Marcella answered and returned his kiss. "Brette, it is going to be a happy year, isn't it? I've just had such a strange dream about Tony."

"It's the medication you've been taking," Brette explained. "Tony did visit me tonight. We prayed together."

"My brother — Tony — prayed?"

"And Tony's going to keep on praying," said Brette. "There's nothing to fear in a year that begins with prayer and God. We can face, and we will, whatever comes." ■ ■

World's Biggest Christmas Carol "Sing"

By James Aldredge

**While shepherds watched their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around. . . .**

RADIO announcer Norman Banks peered through the open window. Walking homeward from the studio of Station 3KZ in Melbourne, he had wondered where the music might be coming from on this street of humble homes.

As it turned out, he was due for a surprise.

Mind you, it was Christmas Eve of the year 1937. There, seated by the radio and joining her thin, quavering voice to the words, sat a gray-haired, gentle, old lady. But that wasn't all. In her hand, held for all the world to see and completing the

Christmas effect was a lighted candle! It was a warm, summery evening — as the holiday time always is in the down-under land of Australia. Mr. Banks did not bother to knock and introduce himself, but as he continued homeward, he could not get that gentle, little old lady with her candle out of his mind.

In fact, she inspired him with an idea. Why not try to get as many persons as possible to come, each with a lighted candle, on Christmas Eve to some public place and join in a united program of carol singing? It would not matter to what church the singers belonged nor what their religious faith — everybody would be welcome.

It was a year before Mr. Banks could put his plan into effect. Then, on Christmas Eve, 1938, the first

"Carols by Candlelight" program was introduced in Melbourne. The response was far better than he had expected. He had given his scheme wide publicity over his station, and several thousand citizens turned up. Bearing candles which were set aglow before the singing started, they assembled at Alexandra Gardens along the river. There Mr. Banks mounted a small platform; under his leadership everybody joined in singing the familiar carols that are beloved by Christmas celebrators everywhere. At the program's close, the initiator of this new Yule custom received a tremendous ovation.

MR. BANKS had really started something. From that first gathering down to the present, "Carols by Candlelight" has been a triumph. There has never since been a Christmas Eve in Melbourne when a vast host of singers has failed to appear. The latest attendance figure is about 300,000. Imagine such a huge crowd, all bearing candles shining against the darkness and lifting their voices in such old favorites as "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," "Silent Night," and "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing." Visitors from overseas have carried home unforgettable memories of the thrilling spectacle.

Furnishing candles and candleholders to such a crowd is an under-

taking in itself. To make sure the supply is adequate, orders are placed the preceding March. About two thousand people are on the staff which now manages "Carols by Candlelight." The program starts at ten o'clock on Christmas Eve; in recent years it has been broadcast around the world.

For fifteen years Mr. Banks directed the Melbourne presentation, but then he sought to expand the festival. He was successful with new programs throughout Australia, afterwards moving on to New Zealand where he set up "Carols by Candlelight" in Wellington. He was the leading spirit, too, in bringing the festival to South Africa. As chairman of the "Carols by Candlelight World Foundation," Mr. Banks is continually seeking new audiences.

There is one sad postscript to this story. It concerns the "little old lady with the candle." The gentle soul whom Mr. Banks heard singing beside her open window was dead of an incurable disease before the first program was ever held.

Nevertheless, there are those who believe that when Christmas Eve comes, and the Melbourne park glows with the myriad twinkling lights, and the voices of that great chorus rise to the stars, she is there with all the rest, adding her quavering notes and making the most of so supremely joyous an occasion! ■ ■

In its monthly bulletin, the church newsletter advised: Why not tackle regular attendance on a trial basis? If you don't like what you hear on any Sunday, your sins will be cheerfully refunded."—Daisy Brown, *Wall St. Journal*, 9-30-70

Our Son Was Drowning

Emotionally

Anonymous

CAN YOU imagine never being happy?" my husband remarked after a long, frustrating day, one of those days which was occurring more and more frequently in our lives. I knew he was thinking of our son, Chip, who was for a fact, not happy. Only when swimming or playing alone in the sandbox did he seem content. But these brief respites from his prison of frustration were few. Why was he so different from the rest of our children?

Even in the first grade it was apparent that his behavior was not "normal." He was withdrawn, did not participate in the class activities, and was not doing well in his studies. He lied and stole small items such as pencils and erasers.

At home he fought constantly with the other children and rebelled

against everything.

Were we overly concerned? Was this just a stage he was going through? Or was there really something wrong with him? The problem tormented us.

We loved Chip, even when he was most unlovable. But his behavior and the constant turmoil at home were exhausting us physically. Each day I would vow to be patient and understanding with Chip, but when I was exhausted and confused by his tantrums, I found myself screaming at him. I didn't know how to handle him, and after a while all I wanted was to escape. I dreaded the time between his coming home from school and his going to bed.

"Some mother I am!" I would think guiltily after he was in bed. If he had had a bad day, his nights

would be filled with nightmares, punctuated with screaming and fighting. Even the peacefulness of sleep eluded him.

“What Have We Done?”

To see your child in mental torment breaks your heart, and it is a rare person who doesn't wonder, “Why have you allowed this to happen to my child, God?” I prayed, but my first prayers were almost accusations. How could a God of love and mercy inflict such misery on an innocent child? What had my husband and I done to deserve this punishment?

Gradually, my prayers changed. I began asking that God's will, rather than mine, be done. When overwhelmed with frustration, I remembered the words from Proverbs: “Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding” (Proverbs 3:5 KJV).

Then one morning while reading the newspaper I knew that God was listening to my prayers. A clue to Chip's mysterious behavior surfaced. A woman had written to a physician columnist about her daughter's “strange” behavior.

In part she wrote, “She argues with anyone who asks her to do something, she constantly makes excuses and if her backtalk is stopped, she gives you a dirty look as if she hates you. She has always been this way. I have tried being kind to her and tried also to discipline her. Nothing seems to work. Her personal habits are terrible.” How like our Chip!

I could have added, “He has

screaming temper tantrums, yells in his sleep, bites his nails, lies, and verbally assaults himself with such names as ‘stupid’ and ‘dirty rat.’”

After seeing an emotional problem so like our own in black and white, my husband and I decided to take the advice of the columnist to the lady and seek professional help for our son. This decision was our first step in waking up from a bad dream.

My husband, Chip, and I were each interviewed separately by Dr. Smith,* a child psychiatrist. He probed us with questions about everything including family history, medical background, sex life, hobbies, and whether or not we were happy. We both agreed that we were happy, or could be, if only we could resolve some of Chip's problems. He agreed to take our case. This was to be the beginning of eighty-seven hours of treatment.

Dr. Smith told us that Chip was overly ambitious, but was afraid of hurting others or hurting himself and that this was why he was so tense. He was only comfortable and relaxed in the swimming pool because there was no competition. It was a relief to learn that he was not mentally retarded, although emotionally he was about two years behind the six-year-old level. This helped explain his erratic behavior.

Dr. Smith had Chip draw a picture of himself. The picture showed a smiling boy with head, neck, arms, and legs. There was no torso or fingers and toes. He asked Chip if he could be any kind of an animal, what would he like to be? Chip replied, “A kitten, because they're cute.”

We were told to be firm with Chip, but also kind and relaxed. This was a tough assignment. It's not easy to be relaxed with someone who keeps the house in a constant uproar, but we tried.

Chip had been wearing glasses since the age of four. Our optometrist had told us that without glasses he was legally blind. Because of his visual disability he had bad coordination which in turn affected his reading and writing ability.

When we asked the psychiatrist if this could possibly be the cause of Chip's frustration, he said that it might be. We thought this was part of his problem. He resented his glasses so much that when he became angry he would fling them across the room. But he was so dependent on them he wouldn't get out of bed without them.

In treating Chip, Dr. Smith used paper jumping frogs that really jumped, games, and lots of candy. The doctor became Chip's friend, and with him he could relax and talk. The paper frogs were something special he could show the family, and he felt very important when he shared his candy with his brothers and sisters.

A Long Process

During Chip's treatment we frequently had doubts as to whether or not he was improving. It seemed that every step we took forward we would fall two steps behind. Improvement was only realized over a long period of time.

His school work improved. His teachers, aware of his problem, gave

him special help. He stopped pounding his head on the walls when he became angry, but he still would call himself "dumb" and "stupid." He frequently would say, "I hate myself!"

His name calling disturbed us until we learned to counter with, "Yes, you're a pumpkin head, funny face and corny kid." This would break the tension and start him laughing.

Chip's emotional problem is not unique. The League for Emotionally Disturbed Children estimated that in 1958 there were a million children in school who needed some psychiatric help. And in 1960 the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children said there were a half-million seriously disturbed children in the United States and that less than one per cent were receiving treatment.**

Three years of psychiatry are now behind us, and Chip is no longer under treatment. He is keeping track of his personal belongings, and he and his older brother are learning to work together. He has a lot of patience with the baby in the family, but the child who is two years his junior is still a source of constant friction and competition.

Some Suggestions

What can you do if your child has symptoms of emotional disturbance?

Find a competent doctor and follow his advice.

Don't discuss your child's treatment with your friends and neighbors. Chip knew he was going to a doctor who was going to try to find out what was worrying him. He ac-

cepted this. The word "psychiatrist" was never mentioned to him or to our children.

Read to increase your understanding. Books we found especially helpful were: *Dibs, in Search of Self* by V. M. Axline and *This Stranger, My Son* by Louise Wilson.

Find something at which your child can excel. Our search led us to a secondhand piano and a very kind and competent piano teacher.

See that your child gets enough rest. Frequently when Chip is very upset we make him take a nap. We tell him that this is not a punishment, but that some people need more rest than others. After a nap the change in his behavior is remarkable.

Teach him to laugh. Whenever Chip is going to bed and is angry, the last thing my husband does is to see that he ends up laughing. Laughter is the magic that breaks tension. His nightmares, sleeptalking and bedwetting have almost completely disappeared.

Let him tackle new challenges. When Chip got a two-wheel bike all I could visualize were broken bones and skinned knees. Only after many bumps and bruises did he learn to ride, but what a happy boy he was!

The total cost of treatment for Chip was \$2,175 at \$25.00 per hour.

Our insurance paid most of this amount. Had our income been in a lower bracket, we would have been eligible for treatment through a clinic which charges according to the patient's ability to pay.

Have faith and pray constantly. Only after Chip was being treated by Dr. Smith did my father tell me that he had been praying for Chip. Scripture tells us . . . "and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" (James 5:16 KJV).

The lifeline of psychiatric treatment has been thrown out to Chip. Although he still is grasping and struggling in his battle for a normal, happy life, he is no longer drowning. Chip is persistent, he wants to win, he wants to succeed.

Dr. Smith once said, "With Chip there is only one first place and twenty-five last places."

Maybe Chip won't ever come in first place, but at least he won't always feel he is coming in last. And who knows? Life is full of surprises. Some day he just might be in first place. With God answering our prayers through psychiatric help, Chip now has a chance.

* *Fictional names have been used*

** *1970-Information Please Almanac*

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Gen. 21:1-23; 2 Samuel 12:15-23; John 4:46-54.

1. What are some sources or causes of emotional disturbance in children?
2. What contributions can religion make toward (a) preventing such disturbance and (b) curing it when it appears?
3. Do you believe that God punishes people? Explain.

Stamps for the Wounded

By Eva Kraus

HAVE YOU ever wondered what you would do to pass the time if you were hospitalized for a long, recuperative period?

Our veterans don't have to wonder, for there is a wonderful program available to them through a national organization called STAMPS FOR THE WOUNDED. It is now celebrating its thirty-first year of service and has fifty-three Veterans Administration facilities around the nation offering this gratifying hobby to servicemen and women.

Founded by Philatelist Ernest A. Kehr soon after Pearl Harbor, this organization is helping with the rehabilitation of those wounded who must remain confined to a hospital for long periods of time.

While National Chairman Kehr is based in New York City, the major

task of collecting, packaging, distributing the stamps to participating hospitals is done by the National Vice-Chairman, Herman L. Neugass and his wife, Nancy, who serves as National Corresponding Secretary.

Mr. Neugass contacts each participating hospital twice a year to determine the needs of patients engaged in this rewarding therapy. He tries to fulfill special requests and makes up cartons for each hospital; these contain all kinds of stamps — commemoratives, revenue, used, unused, first day covers, foreign and domestic.

Individual requests are given special attention, too. One soldier in Vietnam wrote of his interest in stampless envelopes. This is the preprinted, business type envelope. At times the ink "misses" and results



Nancy Neugass, National Corresponding Secretary, STAMPS FOR THE WOUNDED, sorts stamps which are to be sent to hospitals all across the country. Philatelists contribute generously to the program.

in a freak called the stampless envelope. With no supply of this specific envelope on hand, Mr. Neugass went out and bought several and continues to buy them for the particular veteran.

Mr. Neugass and his team of volunteers redistributes the millions of stamps sent to him by interested donors from around the world. Besides the general mixes, special packets of about 300 stamps are sent for each collector (with no duplicates). Last year some 140 boxes were mailed to participating hospitals.

Some fifty hours a week are spent by this devoted couple in handling the volume of stamps received daily. Nancy Neugass personally acknowledges every contribution of stamps

received, whether it is for one stamp or hundreds.

Organizations help in collecting. Stamps by the thousands are received through the efforts of the Gold Star Mothers, DAR, DAV, United Methodists, and Daughters of the Confederacy. Stamp dealers are generous, too, and donate albums, hinges, and other needed material.

For one reason or another, all hospitals do not have such a program, usually because of lack of interest, lack of volunteers to guide the program, or the fact that patients are hospitalized for too short a time.

Recently a small item in the Bulletin of the American Association of Retired Persons mentioned the vet-

erans stamp program. In response to this Mr. Neugass was surprised and delighted to receive a letter from Miss "S. T." McGee, who was his nurse over fifty years ago. He had not heard from her in twenty-five years.

One group of third grade students from Cascade Elementary School in East Wenatchee, Washington, wanted to help. They made their effort into a class project. The youngsters also wrote notes to the servicemen and invited them to visit the school. Eddy Porter went so far as to send instructions for finding him by adding, "If you have any

trouble finding my room, just go to the office and they will tell you."

From Brockton, Massachusetts, to Tacoma, Washington, and many points in between, this program is working wonders among veterans who badly need an interest, a hobby, or a diversion en route to full recovery.

Once, while Mrs. Neugass was visiting a stamp dealer, an earnest young man came in asking for some special stamps. He mentioned to the dealer how he had become interested in stamp collecting. He said, "It was through the STAMPS FOR THE WOUNDED and it saved my life."

Those who might wish to contribute stamps to this program may mail them to:

Mr. Herman L. Neugass
2801 New Mexico Ave., N. W.
Washington, D. C. 20007

All kinds of stamps are needed, *except* the regular 1¢ through 8¢ issues. Cut stamps from envelopes, leaving $\frac{1}{4}$ " paper around them. Do not soak off paper; the veterans like to do this themselves.



Start the year with the LINK!

THE LINK is an interdenominational monthly magazine for Armed Forces personnel and all who are interested in them. Its articles, features, and departments are of interest to civilians as well as to servicemen and women.

Be sure to order enough copies to fill your needs. Order **THE LINK** in individual subscriptions at \$3.50 per year; bulk orders to bases for distribution to personnel are invoiced quarterly at twenty cents per copy. To Churches: \$3.00 in lots of ten or more to one address.

MAIL _____ copies of **THE LINK** to:

Name _____

Address _____

(Include APO, FPO, or Zip Code Nos.)

Full Payment Enclosed _____

Bill Me _____

Send Order to: **THE LINK**, 122 Maryland Ave. N.E.,
Washington, D.C. 20002.



The religion of a Senator

Williams of New Jersey

By Caspar Nannes

LATE one afternoon in 1953, Senator Harrison A. "Pete" Williams of New Jersey stood on a corner in Plainfield debating with himself as to whether he should return to the office or call it a day and go home.

He decided to go to the office. As Williams walked into the office, the phone rang. He picked up the receiver. At the other end was his old friend, Bill Dowd.

"Pete," Dowd said, "we want you to run for Congress."

"How long do I have to make up my mind?" Williams asked.

"Twenty minutes."

The twenty minutes proved fateful ones. Williams called his wife, his mother, and several friends. He

then called his probable opponent, George Hatfield.

"Run," Hatfield advised him. "We'll have a good time together. We'll go to the meetings together and have fun."

That settled it. Williams decided to run and beat his close friend in an upset.

The victory was particularly gratifying to the Plainfield, New Jersey, native. The previous four years had seen him beaten in several races — to change the Democratic leadership of the area, to win a seat in the state assembly, to obtain a place on the town council. He escaped another possible defeat earlier in 1953 by begging off from running for mayor of Plainfield.

← Senator Harrison A. Williams.

Williams' interest in party politics came as an offshoot of his concern about the business of government. The latter was especially enhanced during the four World War II years he served in the Navy, one on board a minesweeper and three as a pilot.

"That first year on the minesweeper was especially fruitful," the 1941 Oberlin College graduate recalled. "I spent a great deal of time reading and thinking about what the business of government was."

There was another element that emerged clearly for Williams during the long weeks of boredom on the minesweeper.

"You have to have a basic faith during these periods," he said.

Originally a Methodist

This basic faith has been present during Williams' years in Congress. Originally a Methodist, he married into a Unitarian family and went to the Unitarian Church in Plainfield. But the church had difficulty in getting and keeping a minister, and during this uncertain period the future senator started to go to the Presbyterian church in Westfield. Here he became acquainted with the Reverend Ace Tubbs, a North Carolina minister who was a close friend of Billy Graham. Tubbs, no longer at Westfield, exerted a great influence upon Williams as has the present senior minister there, the Reverend Fred Christian.

Williams' philosophy of the part religion should play in government may be succinctly expressed.

"What the Lord created should have opportunity to prosper," he ex-

plained. "If it is in the environment, we should find every possible way to limit our contamination. If it is related to human beings, they should have every opportunity to live without unnecessary fear and should not be the victims of prejudice and hate. They should be and feel secure. Socially we are building foundations so they can express and help themselves."

Further, "We should take the drudgery out of employment and bring a greater degree of security in employment. It should all maximize what the Lord put on earth."

The New Jersey Senator believes the Equal Opportunity Employment bill is central to these concepts.

"This is the legislative fall-out of the basic faith," he declared. "Discrimination for any reason should be out. The only kind of discrimination acceptable is a total lack of ability to perform a job."

As chairman of the powerful Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, Williams is in an especially strategic position to further his conviction that "there should be an action line for religious feeling and faith. In my judgment, it must appropriately express itself in public issues and in a very thoughtful analysis of the situation. Sometimes things are done with emotion and not knowledge."

Legislative Interests: Mass Transit, Environment, the Elderly

Among the numerous legislative accomplishments of the New Jersey Senator are those affecting mass transit, environment, pollution, and

the elderly. He has been called the "father" of federal assistance for mass transit systems because of his sponsorship of the Mass Transit Acts, including the Urban Mass Transportation Assistance Act of 1970.

Williams is regarded as a leader in the struggle to save our environment and to fight pollution. His concern for senior citizens has been expressed in vigorous efforts to increase Social Security benefits and to tie them more closely to the cost of living.

A major factor in Williams' approach to labor legislation lies in his personal experience in a steel mill. Following World War II and prior to going to Columbia University Law School he decided to put his strong advocacy of labor unions to a practical test.

"For several months I worked in a steel mill at Lorain, Ohio. In a steel mill you have the hot end and the cold end, and you work on a moving mass of pipe. I first got an appreciation of the hazards of the job and of other heavy industry."

Williams also joined the local union of the United Steelworkers of America and witnessed firsthand how it worked.

"I saw the struggle and the gradual overcoming of those opposed to a democratic society. This local was a hotbed of Communism and Red followers, but the union members themselves cleaned house. That experience as a union member was a good foundation for my later career although I did not know it then and did not plan it that way."

A Democrat in New Hampshire

Another experience that proved of great value to Williams' later career was the year spent practicing law at Jaffrey, N. H., following graduation from Columbia Law School in 1948. He was a Democrat in a Republican stronghold, recalling that "I and the postmaster were the only ones happy about Truman's election in 1948."

Because of his heavy schedule, Williams has little time to indulge in his favorite sport, golf. But whenever he goes somewhere to give a speech, he gets up very early in the morning and plays a round before delivering his talk. He speaks about four times a week to various groups and has been asked to deliver a lay sermon in different churches and synagogues. But few of these assignments are in places where he can play a round of golf.

When Washington had a baseball team and the Senate adjourned early, Williams would go to RFK Stadium and sit in the bleachers. "But," he observed sadly, "I cannot do that this year."

He also enjoys skiing and sometimes goes to New Hampshire where he owns a small place, to indulge in this sport.

Williams was elected to the Senate in 1958 after serving in the House of Representatives from 1953-56. He was reelected in 1964 and 1970.

Although his first name is Harrison, Williams is widely known as "Pete." He got the nickname when his grandfather heard the infant was to be baptized Harrison.

(Continued on page 55)

My

Hundred Children

By John Timmerman

THE road snakes dustily through the stand of rubber trees, their tall slender trunks stretching away in deep shadowy rows as far as the eye can see. A stream of red dust spirals upward from behind the jeep into leafy branches. It is March. There has not been a drop of rain here in nearly four months, and the air hangs hot and dry, like an enormous oven, baking everything within it.

The miles of trees end with a sudden straight wall of trunks, and the countryside becomes rolling brushland. Bamboo huts with glittering tin roofs dot the roadside. These are the homes of rubber workers. Old men squat in the shade before their homes, smoking pipes and waiting the cool of evening.

Jim Taylor, who is riding with

me in the jeep, spots the faded red Coca Cola sign and signals to turn off. Almost hidden in the brush is another narrow road, so overgrown that tree limbs slap at the jeep as we bounce over the ruts and bumps. In a small cluster of trees ahead there is a low white building. It seems to hang in the brush as though it were held up by the leaves and limbs. Slowing the jeep I hear the sound of children. So this is the orphanage. I had first heard about it from a helicopter pilot who had seen it one day on a reconnaissance flight; first just a splash of white in the waste field. And then he saw children playing about the old white building.

There are many such orphanages in Vietnam. Separated by death or terror from parents and family, the children come from war-torn vil-



Sp/5 Jim Mace's new friend is sporting newly acquired pajamas.

lages. They come from the cities as a tragic by-product of the prostitution trade that has flourished in all war zones as long as man has waged wars. The unnoticed, the unknown, the unwanted, they are abandoned to some old white building to forge a new life from the wasteland of their beginnings. While I sat in the jeep thinking of what I had heard and anticipating what I might find, I heard shouts. Suddenly three boys came dashing through the high grass to our jeep. One of the boys jumped up on the seat and smiled a welcome to me. His dark hair fell over his forehead. His face had a wide, wide smile. It must have been a long time since he had seen a visitor. He had on a pair of tattered green shorts, and his bare feet were dusty from

the hot road.

"Hi!" he said, smiling. "I'm Lu."

"Hi, Lu," I said.

He pulled on my hand as he led me to the low white building and called out to his friends as we came near.

SO began our struggle to help the one hundred children of Thu Duc Orphanage. It became a long struggle, one that tried our hearts as well as our minds and muscles. Before we could even think of giving, however, we were receiving. As we walked with the three boys, led by Lu, to the white building we were met by an elderly Vietnamese priest named Father Tahn. He welcomed us and brought us into the shade of his room. Suddenly, as if

from nowhere, a young girl of about fifteen brought us two warm bottles of Coca-Cola. Few drinks have tasted as good as those which washed the dust from our throats that hot day. Father Tahn explained that he was there every other week trying to do what he could. The look in his eyes made it unnecessary to add that the work was more than one man could ever hope to accomplish. The years of effort showed in his lined face as he gazed at the floor watching a reddish-brown cockroach, at least three inches long, crawling toward the door. With a compassion nurtured for any helpless but struggling creature, he let the roach back its way out of the room.

When we had sipped the last of our warm Cokes Father Tahn gave us our first inside look at the orphanage. The children, of course, first captured our attention. Their faces betrayed their diverse lineage; a mixture of all races, they were united in the common class of unwanted. There were many infants, the youngest of which was only two weeks old. None of them were clothed. The children of three-to six-years-old had small handmade shirts for covering, and the older children had only a pair of shorts or the baggy slacks and blouse that were the trademarks of a lower-class Vietnamese woman. The greatest problem, Father Tahn said, was the cold in the rainy season when temperatures often plummeted to the low 60's at night, and no blankets were to be had. It was hard to believe that nearly one hundred children

lived, ate, and slept in the five medium-sized rooms that the building had been divided into. When we entered a room the children waited quietly and respectfully by the walls, but as we passed by one little hand after another would swiftly reach out to touch our clothing or squeeze a hand. I picked up a three-year-old girl who clung tightly to my neck and refused to be put down. She went with me from one room to another, tightly clutching me with her thin arms. It was only after we stepped back outside into the sunshine that I noticed that her eyes were grown over with white cataracts. She was totally blind.

The rooms were almost uniformly the same. Cement block walls rose from the dirt floor that had straw sleeping mats laid out in a crowded but precise row. The floors sloped to a center groove that led outside. Father Tahn explained that many of the children were sick and could not contain their defecation. And of course the infants had no diapers. The central gutter made the floor easier to clean. Everywhere flies hung heavily in the air and the stench of defecation clung to the rooms.

Outside there was a small garden hacked out of the brush. A pen contained a half dozen pigs. Chickens scurried about the yard. Over a pit of glowing coals a fifty gallon drum bubbled and smoked with a brackish liquid. Soup, Father Tahn explained, for the week ahead. Father Tahn introduced us to two sisters, Vy and Lahn, fifteen- and sixteen-years-old, who had complete charge of the or-



Medic Sp/5 Casier converses with "senior" orphans.

phanage when he could not be there. With the same precise determination with which they had wandered for two weeks through the jungle wastelands to find the orphanage when their village was overrun, they labored to prepare meals, to arrange work details, and to know the name and history of each individual child. In the weeks ahead we came to admire their strength and resolute courage that so knit together the fragile community into at least the semblance of a large, sprawling family.

The sun was beginning to lower, huge and red, through the leaves of trees, and it was time to head back. The smiling faces about us, the children hesitating to touch us but sneaking out a small hand that asked to be clasped, belied the fact that this was still an insecure area. In the past few hours I had completely forgotten the rifle slung over my shoul-

der. It was time to be going, but we would be back. Many, many times.

THE immediate problem we faced was where to begin. There were so many problems to tackle. First of all, we had to recruit physical help and find time to help. The first problem was solved easily. The men of our company willingly flocked to our aid, volunteering whatever free time they had. But free time was extremely rare. There was no such thing as a work week in Vietnam. One day followed the next with new and demanding tasks. The company first sergeant, John Yefko, a huge, understanding, second-tour veteran of Russian descent, solved the problem of time. He arranged schedules so that enough men could get free on Saturday and Sunday afternoons to make a work force. But we didn't wait until Saturday to begin. Every spare minute, every contact of that

first week was dedicated to one purpose, which became our occupational specialty — scrounging. A major in command of an engineering company discovered that he could spare a hundred bags of cement. In exchange for a continuing perfect inspection of the vehicles we used, the Motor Pool offered the use of whatever tools we needed, with the promise of some heavier tools to come. The Chaplain's office became an unending source of aid. Two Brigade Chaplains, LTC Richard Nybro and LTC John Brennan, had a wealth of contacts and favors owed. Miraculously, they produced a gas-powered cement mixer for the next Saturday. Friends of theirs suddenly began discovering hordes of unused blankets. Somehow, they totaled a hundred blankets. I am still amazed that they had just the right number of friends who had just the right number of blankets.

We left early the next Saturday morning with our trucks loaded with

construction materials. It was another dazzling hot day, but it passed quickly with the hard work. As if by magic the warm Cokes again appeared in hands that were eager to give. The amazing lesson we kept on learning from these children was this: they had so very little of their own that they had no desire for possessions. They could only give what they had, and this they gave willingly. They were concerned with pleasing us. The spirit was catching. The men who volunteered their time knew that they would have a multitude of tasks waiting for them when they got back to the company that night, yet they labored eagerly for the reward of a smile which turned out to be a priceless gift. The bags of cement were mixed and laid out over the dirt floors in record time. Most of the open windows, mere holes in the wall, were screened off to keep out flies. We left that night knowing there was so much yet to do, but that we had made a start.

The author of this article, John Timmerman, is greeted by two of his kids.



With some chagrin we discovered that it was pointless to lay the blankets on a cement floor. There would have to be cots, perhaps even cribs for the infants. Late that night I visited Chaplain Nybro. Again he promised his help. The next day, Sunday, he presented our efforts to the congregation of his chapel service. The chapel was a small building consisting of a roof with screened-in walls. Nearly everything was handmade. A garden had been scratched out of the rough red clay about the chapel, and flowers — zinnias and marigolds — bloomed radiantly this Sunday morning. The people who came to Chaplain Nybro's service were rich in the spirit of giving of themselves, and they did so again. In one special collection we had enough for a trip to Saigon to purchase cots and cribs.

We still felt that we were only beginning. With each succeeding weekend the orphanage took on more finish, more polish. But working in the presence of the children we discovered that there was still a great need. Young Lu would follow me around, clad in only a dusty, tattered pair of shorts. It was time to care for the children directly. But where could we get clothes in a war zone? Inflated prices made clothing from a store an impossibility. I had written many excited letters about our work to my wife, Pat. But now it seemed that we had reached a temporary standstill in our efforts. About six of us spent a Saturday morning at the orphanage. We walked through the building on fresh cement floors, looked through screened windows.



Sp/4 Charley Crumley and friend.

Father Tahn beamed his thanks every minute. The children milled about us as shyly but friendly as ever. Yet we felt curiously despondent. Had we carried our work to a standstill? It was June, and the skies were heavy with clouds promising the first rains of the monsoon season. With spirits as heavy as the clouds we left early in the afternoon.

BUT when we arrived back at the barracks we were astonished to find ten large boxes shipped in from the States. With the packages was a letter from the Seymour Christian Reformed Church of Grand Rapids, Michigan, the church Pat attended while I was gone. The letter was from a women's society organized as

the Orphanage Assistance League. For a month, without my knowing it, they had been meeting at the church, gathering clothing, sewing baby clothes, taking in donations. Each box was packed with surprises. One box was filled with small rubber footballs and softballs, and another contained several dozen baseball shirts with bright red letters proclaiming "The Champs." With a Christmas glow about us we re-packed the boxes, and I retired to my room to write a letter of joyful thanks.

The gifts presented problems, however. The clothing was no problem. The little girls pranced about like May Day maidens in their bright new dresses. The boys beamed in shorts and their baseball shirts. But imagine a child who has never before been clothed, who has slept on a dirt floor all his life and is suddenly given a rubber softball to play with. He doesn't know what to do. He pinches it, squeezes it, bites it. To give him the idea you toss the ball gently to him and within seconds rubber softballs are flying all over the yard accompanied with squeals and shouts of delight. If only the ladies of Seymour Church could have heard that excited laughter! One box in particular gave us difficulty, however. With perceptive insight the ladies had packed a box full of soap, toothpaste, and toothbrushes. We called the two girls, Vy and Lahn, over to us and carefully explained how each was used. Then they called the children around them and explained to them. They couldn't understand. Lu had to be

my last resort. With many smiles I took the bar of soap and with some water lathered it on his thin arms. With a screech of terror he drew away. He thought his skin was changing color! I quickly showed him that it washed off. Then he did it himself. Children everywhere must have an aversion to soap.

BUT this opened up another serious realization to us. The children were desperately in need not only of basic cleanliness rules, but also of medical attention. As they came forward one by one to experiment with the soap and toothpaste, we seemed to really notice for the first time emaciated or deformed limbs, boils, sores, and a host of other ills that demanded attention. We all knew some minor first aid, but had nothing to cope with this. Clearly, something had to be done.

It couldn't be done by calling a family doctor. Perhaps no single group is as overworked in Vietnam as the medical corps. We knew if we could get a doctor to come out it would be only very rarely or on a one-time basis. The doctors were all on call at the hospitals twenty-four hours a day, and sometimes they worked nearly that many hours in a single day. Fortunately, one doctor did find a few hours to spare on a Saturday afternoon. He treated the most serious problems, lancing boils, prescribing treatments. But the doctor could hardly spare those few hours. There were a host of ills from common colds on up, and he was only able to scratch the surface. The children needed regular attention.

Miraculously, and I can only call it such, we had a windfall. A medic had been wounded while serving in an infantry platoon, and upon his release from the hospital he was assigned to our company to complete his tour of duty. He was a devout Mormon who had volunteered to serve in the Army and in an infantry company. He had dedicated his life to serving others and sustained his service with biblical strength. In the late evenings, while the rest of us were cleaning or writing letters, we were at first surprised to find Specialist/Four Dusty Miller reading passages of scripture into a tape recorder. He confided to me that his eyesight had suddenly started deteriorating and that he expected to be totally blind within five years. By that time he would have the entire Bible tape-recorded. But his dedication to service had not deteriorated a bit. He was supposed to be on light duties, but Saturday morning he was waiting with a loaded medical kit to join us.

DUSTY MILLER'S skill was commensurate with his devotion. He gave the necessary follow-up care to treatments that the doctor had started. He immunized and disinfected with unflagging energy. There were scores of minor medical problems. For example, it is a custom among some Vietnamese to place hard plastic rings as gifts on the fingers of newborn infants. We discovered that the youngest infant, now nearly four months old, had never had the rings removed. The flesh had nearly grown over the



Vy and a recent addition.

rings. No amount of soaping or pulling would bring the rings off the crying baby. While two of us held the baby still, Dusty calmly slipped a scalpel between the folds of skin and slit the rings without so much as nicking the baby's tender flesh.

The months passed. Our hard work was nearly over, and we had the leisure time to give the children the love and playful attention they craved. Many of us had children at home and were eager to return the love pent up inside us. The once overgrown brush was now cut level and rang with the shouts of an afternoon ball game. The young girl whose eyes were tragically overgrown with cataracts held tightly to my hand as we walked the grounds listening to the songs of birds. An appointment had been made for her to have eye surgery at the American hospital in Saigon.

As the months passed, many of us finished our year-long tour of duty and left for home. New and eager faces replaced the older, knowing eyes that had seen a dream evolve

(Continued on page 55)

Litterbugs Are Picking Your Pockets!

By Stanley Jacobs

EVERY DAY at 8:00 A.M., a dignified Manhattan society matron — accompanied by her maid — walks along her street in the East 60's picking up beer cans, old newspapers, and other litter.

"People who strew rubbish thoughtlessly add enormously to our tax bill, which is high enough already," she said. "Besides, this street looks awful each morning. If every citizen paused to pick up the junk tossed on pavements and sidewalks, maybe our litterbugs would get the idea that what they are doing is wrong."

At the other end of the continent her feeling is shared by members of California's famed Sierra Club, a

group of outdoors-lovers, mountain climbers, and hikers. Every summer many of its members — butchers, bakers, accountants, lawyers, stenographers, and housewives — spend a week hauling out tons of litter from national forests in the West. By mule team, in trucks, and in packs on their backs, these dedicated anti-litter crusaders set an example to the rubbish-tossers who cost America — meaning you, the taxpayer — almost 500 million dollars annually in clean-up disposal charges.

Judges in many states now punish litterbugs severely by ordering them to clean up miles of highway or beaches. Sometimes, large fines are levied — as much as \$500.00 — to

Mr. Jacobs is a freelancer whose address is 40 First Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94105

deter the thoughtless ones who mar our views, befoul lakes and rivers, and create health hazards by building mounds of rubbish in which insects and rodents thrive.

In New York City alone, the junk discarded in one year on the streets would fill the Empire State Building eleven times.

Litter Retrieval Is Costly

Last year, 105,000,000 visitors to our national parks left behind an average of two pounds of litter apiece! This staggering volume of trash had to be picked up — and litter retrieval is costly.

Example: In Grand Canyon National Park, it costs more than \$300.00 a day just to gather and dispose of beer cans, newspapers, cigarette packages, empty sacks, and garbage left by tourists who stare in awe at the canyon — and indifferently bombard it with junk.

To keep our network of state and federal highways fairly clear of rubbish costs from \$20.00 to \$60.00 a mile annually, depending on the volume of traffic. You pay this shocking cost in your growing tax bills.

Why is the litterbug almost a serious American problem?

For one thing, our high standard of living has stimulated a torrent of packaged products — all encased in foil, cellophane, wood, tin, aluminum, paper, and cardboard. In our so-called affluent society, getting rid of what we buy often is more of a problem than earning the money to buy these products themselves.

But rubbish strewers are regarded with shock and severity in other

nations. In Scotland, a friend of mine unthinkingly tossed an empty cigarette package from his bus window while driving around Loch Ness, site of the fabled sea serpent. The bus driver immediately halted the vehicle and said to the American in a steely voice,

“Here now, lad, that won’t do! We can deal with monsters in the loch, but people who throw things on our roads really terrify us. Wouldn’t you like to go back and pick up that scrap of paper?”

My friend, embarrassed, dismounted and retrieved his litter.

In tidy Switzerland, a Chicagoan who tossed his chocolate bar wrapper into a Geneva street was startled when a dignified gray-haired man tapped him on the shoulder and said: “Excuse me, sir, but I believe this is your property. I am sure you must have lost it. Nobody would dream of throwing paper in the streets of our city.” He thrust a chocolate-smeared wrapper into the American’s hand, tipped his hat, and strode away.

A watching policeman grinned. He said, “That was the public prosecutor. You’re lucky he didn’t order me to arrest you.”

Recently, industrial wastes and litter from careless picnickers and beach strollers forced the closing of San Francisco’s lovely Ocean Beach, by order of the city’s health director. The trash and wastes had created pollution in the water which menaced the health of swimmers and waders.

The majority of the smaller cities and towns in the United States have

inadequate facilities for the collection and disposal of refuse. Many people take the easy way out by furtively leaving debris at curbs, in vacant lots, in parks, and even in other people's yards.

Anti-Litter Volunteers

Fortunately, thousands of concerned citizens — such as the rich woman in New York and the rubbish-retrievers of the Sierra Club — have banded together to do something on a national scale about litter. They are members of "Keep America Beautiful, Inc.," a non-profit educational agency dedicated to preserving and improving our nation's beauty, both rural and urban, through the elimination of litter and the re-education of litterbugs.

Supported by major business firms, labor unions, and civic organizations, Keep America Beautiful is guided by an advisory council which includes representatives from many Federal departments and fifty-nine public-service organizations. More than 70,000,000 Americans are affiliated with groups cooperating with Keep America Beautiful — and this number is growing.

Among the anti-litter soldiers are the American Legion, the General Federations of Women's Club, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the National Council of State Garden Clubs, and the American Farm Bureau Federation.

One spring day, Dan Leary, a Portland, Oregon, sales manager, was asked by his wife to distribute 100 anti-litter posters to his business associates in other cities. Leary put

the posters from *Keep America Beautiful* in the trunk of his sedan and forgot about them.

Two days later, while driving to Boise, Idaho, a passenger in the car ahead of him flung an empty beer bottle out of a window. Mr. Leary saw the oncoming glass missile which could have splintered his windshield, causing serious injury. To avoid it, he swerved his car, went into a ditch, and emerged unhurt but white with anger.

When he told his wife of his close brush with death, she said: "That was a litterbug who endangers life as well as destroys scenic beauty. Every year from 750 to 1,000 motorists are killed while trying to avoid objects encountered on the road which were tossed from other cars. Now, will you *please* distribute those posters for me?"

To win friends and influence people, the anti-litter fighters have developed many public-relations techniques. One of these is "Lively Louie," a talking litter-basket with a built-in sound system. Used by New York's Department of Sanitation, these chatty waste receptacles are moved around from Times Square to ball games, beaches, and parks. Municipal workers provide the electronically amplified voice for "Louie." They chide passersby who strew waste-paper, cigar butts, and other items on sidewalks and streets. The startled offenders do a double-take when they hear the wastebasket admonish them. Most of them pick up their rubbish, drop it into "Louie," and sheepishly hurry away.

Inspired by *Keep America Beauti-*

ful's unceasing efforts, 6,000 communities now have their own anti-litter campaigns. The national organization distributes pamphlets, posters, car cards, and kits. It drafts model anti-litter laws which have been adopted by scores of cities.

The ones with the best records are the true hunters, fishermen, and campers who are seldom to blame for the piles of junk which despoil our beaches, mountains, and wild life areas. They resent the mounds of trash which affront the eye and nose. More important, sportsmen are doing something about it.

For example, each year the Skagit Alpine Club of Seattle de-litters the Mount Erie area. Sixty members at a time laboriously pick up rusted cans, old bedding, papers, broken glass, and other junk. Each time, they fill a ton-and-a-half dump truck.

Houston conservationists regularly police an eighty-eight mile stretch of seashore on Padre Island off Corpus Christi, retrieving the debris strewn by vacationers and casual visitors.

In Minnesota, even skin-divers are drafted to help clean up underwater litter. Two hundred divers plunged into a lake in the heart of Minneapolis to clear the shallow waters of broken glass, cans, auto tires, car parts, and other rubbish.

You Can Help!

But in the end, only you and your family can help reduce the aesthetic and financial toll exacted by litter-bugs. Here are some constructive steps you can take:

. . . keep your own home and property litter-free

. . . always carry a litter-bag (100 firms make them) in your car or boat. Set a good example by disposing of all trash — even an empty matchbook — in a proper receptacle on the street, in parks, and in buildings.

. . . urge your own city officials to provide adequate collection and disposal facilities, along with a sufficient number of trash receptacles for streets and parks.

. . . cooperate with others who are striving to reduce litter in your community. If there is no litter-prevention program in your city, start one!

. . . Remember, by the year 2000, our population will nearly double. The litter problem, if unchecked, could become disastrous. Give your children — and theirs — a chance to enjoy an America not half-engulfed by a layer of rusted bedsprings, cans, bottles, machine parts, and other debris.

The litter you pick up today will not be a problem tomorrow.

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Gen. 1:26-31; Micah 2:10; Ps. 65; 104.

1. What considerations make ecology an important issue for religion?
2. Could the United Nations have a useful role in dealing with environmental problems? What has it done to date? Should there be an international control placed upon the use of raw materials?
3. Does Jesus have any quarrel with raising one's standard of living?

"Why, Nelda? For yourself or for me?" her father asked

Paper Memories

By Carl Singer

THANK God, he's gone at last," was all Nelda could think as the loose-jointed caravan wound through the winter-barren hills. Her face felt drawn, as stiff as her father's would be. But he couldn't feel, he was in the coffin at the head of the caravan.

"He's gone, he's gone!" The relief she felt chilled her mind. The handkerchief in her hand was still dry and there was no trace of tears on the hollow cheeks. I may be the happiest person at the funeral. She cringed at the thought, but couldn't force it from her mind. Her thoughts had wings of their own . . . they jumped, flapped, then soared out of reach.

Under the cemetery tent she sat rigidly, eyes staring at the artificial grass backdrop behind the casket. There were a few sprays of flowers, a spot of color against the brown

winter landscape. A blustery wind puffed at the canvas tent and strained at the ropes which held it down. Nelda felt her mind straining at the ropes of her reason, but she held tightly. The gaudy green at last repelled her eyes, but her train of thought had already left for the springtime when her father had first come to live with her.

"It is so unnecessary for me to be such a burden to you," he had argued.

"I'll not have you living in some home for the dying." Her words were harsh; her feeling even harsher. She had little respect for children who shipped aged parents off to nursing homes.

"Is this for me or for your sake?"

She shuddered at the question that prodded like the incessant tapping



of his typewriter. A lifetime of writing everything from news and editorials to articles and stories had molded a habit that continued until his death. "Just a hack writer," he had called himself. Nelda denied it violently! She often caught herself thinking that it must be true. As far as reading his material, he never offered and she never asked.

"Let us pray." She was jolted back to the present and before she could collect her thoughts again it was all over with, the minister shaking her hand, and friends offering their hands and those useless words that she had heard so often within the past twenty-four hours . . . words that were only a replay of her own attempts at sympathy on dozens of such occasions.

It was all done with and he was really gone. No more endless hours of the noisy typewriter, nor breakfast cooked and left uneaten. No more forgotten medicine. It's finished! Still her eyes were dry.

ON Wednesday, the day following the funeral, Nelda started early. There were a few belongings to sort and some clothes to give away. She would need a truck to haul out his books, magazines, and old manuscripts. Box after box, mile after mile of words that had streamed from the old typewriter.

In the middle of his work desk she found a diary. She picked it up, curious, because she hadn't known that he had ever kept one. She opened it with the hesitant feeling of opening a door without knocking. It seemed to be a catalogue of thoughts

and ideas organized only by the date at the top of each page. Nothing of interest, yet there was a tension building within her chest as she turned the pages. She found herself searching, reading the disconnected thoughts. She came to realize that her fear centered around the approaching date of his death. Then a sentence stood out, separated mainly because it was written clearly and carefully in contrast to her father's usual scribble.

"There's more of me on paper than can be found in a coffin or cemetery." A numbness swept over her — almost terror. He had known her so much better than she had known him. He had anticipated the very thing she was now doing.

With trembling hands she held the book, her eyes fastened on numb fingers that began to move as if having a will of their own. The day of his death. There was nothing on the page! Nothing at all. Nothing on the following page nor the next. Like her father, his diary was silent. A strange melancholy feeling of emptiness descended on her . . . a disappointment because of . . . she didn't know what. Then she slowly turned to Wednesday and her name, **NELDA**, jumped out in bold print. Large letters demanding attention, calling to her in a manner that caused her heart to pound. **NELDA!** She was afraid to read on, but the words spoke aloud with no effort from her. It wasn't reading, it was merely listening to her father speak.

"I have now experienced what all men must know. As the only thing I have to leave you, I have written you

a brief note for each of the next four days. Please read them one at a time. I think I can help you through a difficult week."

Nelda snapped the diary shut and laid it ungently on the desk. She left the room, angry when her thoughts followed her out. He's still here, he isn't gone at all. The old typewriter, the papers and he's still writing that drivel. She couldn't work in the room and all else seemed unimportant. But the following day she picked up the book and read: "You were always strong willed, Nelda. That's why it was much easier to go along with your wishes even when they didn't happen to be mine. I suppose that is the reason I'm writing now. For this one time, try to understand my thoughts."

Nelda squelched the desire to slam the little book shut again and dump it in the trash.

"Please, Nelda, don't be so fearful of old age. God has provided us a ready acceptance of this fact of life if we will just use it. Don't think for a moment that old age is any less interesting than the adolescence and maturity that you accepted with relish. Most everything in nature becomes more cherished and beautiful with age . . . it can be the same with you."

SHE closed the diary but not so violently as before. Thoughts raced in a wrinkled track across her forehead. Were these really the words of her father? They sounded so new, so strange. She looked at the boxes of manuscripts and wondered if they were just the life work of a

"hack writer"; or, if he had really poured out his soul through the typewriter. Then the bitterness washed back over her. The bitterness that had been building during the months as she saw him slip away . . . a wasted, unsuccessful life. How could he have been content with so little? There was anger in her walk as she left the room.

"Don't be afraid to be alone with your thoughts." Nelda, like a fascinated fly, crawled into the web of the diary for the third day. "To appreciate your solitude, you must accept and appreciate yourself and your own thoughts. After all, count the minutes and you will find that for each moment you are communicating with someone else, there are ten times ten when you are locked alone within yourself. All of us are too worried about what people think of us, but, as deflating as it seems, you must realize that they seldom do."

Nelda suddenly saw herself dragging her father into her home. "For yourself or for me . . . yourself or me?" The answer was, neither! It had been for her friends and neighbors . . . for appearances. There came a peculiar aching in her breast as she looked over the messages that started each page so painfully legible and ended so rushed as if the thoughts were spilling out and had to be captured before they vanished.

For the first time she was tempted to turn the next page, yet a sense of duty urged her hands to fold the book and place it back on the desk.

On the fourth day the room was still untouched, but her sense of urgency had drained away . . . the

bitterness was filtering out, but leaving an emptiness, a void that pulled at her thoughts.

"Nelda, dear, are you happy?"

The words shocked her so that she wanted to answer out loud. How can you ask that? You, my father, have just died and you ask if I'm happy.

"The feeling of happiness should not be examined too closely. It's a butterfly that is beautiful when it can choose its own path and resting-place. When we close it in our hands and try to hold it still, the beauty rubs off and our hands are stained."

How strange . . . listening to a voice from the grave. Thoughts came from a man who had to wait for death before she would give him an ear.

"The butterflies of happiness will follow one after another as long as they are free to come and go. Try to capture a favorite and you'll find the others gone and the one left in your hands no longer beautiful. Kill one and they all flee." She felt the tears burning her eyes.

BY THE fifth day, the ritual had been established. She closed the door and opened the book, anxious to reach across the chasm to her father.

"You have such a great capacity for love, Nelda, it's a shame that you won't let anyone know."

The compliment and the slap were almost too much. She sagged against the chair. "Love doesn't weaken, it

strengthens us when we express it. There are so many ways . . . the touch, that special glance, maybe a little wink that says I see you and I'm thinking special thoughts of you. Sometimes it's just in saying someone's name or leaving an unexpected trifle in an unexpected. . . ."

The writing ended abruptly. Nelda turned the page, but it was blank and the next and the next. Like a swimmer in search of the shore she raced through the book, looking at each page again and again, unwilling to accept the fact that it was finished. She re-read the final page once more. He had seen through her façade; he had reached under her shell and found that which she wouldn't admit even to herself.

Again she searched the book, begging for just one more thought from his pen. So late, so late she had found him and already he was gone. The tears washed her eyes at last . . . the first wave was from the week that had just passed, then came the pent-up backwater from the years of dry eyes, tears that surged through her mind as well as her eyes sweeping before them every trace of bitterness. She held the diary to her breast where the salty shower fell upon it.

When at last she could see, her eyes focused on the boxes of manuscripts . . . years of his thoughts! Again the tears flowed, but this time from thankfulness to God who somehow had answered her unspoken prayer. "Thank you, God, for this part of him that's still with me." ■ ■

WILLIAMS OF NEW JERSEY

(Continued from page 37)

"That is no kind of a name for a boy," he exploded. "Let us call him Pete."

Williams is married, has five children, and lives in Westfield, N. J.



MY HUNDRED CHILDREN

(Continued from page 45)

and come true. It was a dream of peace, a mere island of peace in a war-torn land, but a start down the long and difficult pathway of renewal which must be traveled. Jim Taylor left in October, and my own time for leaving was only days away. Then came the day when I said my goodbyes to the children of Thu Duc Orphanage. I left for home, but I carried with me the memory of my one hundred children whom I left behind.



PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 9-12, Christus Gardens; page 31, Richard Neugass; pages 39, 41, 42, 43, 45, John Timmerman; page 59, U.S. Army, U.S. Navy; page 60, U.S. Navy, U. S. Air Force.

You never have trouble if you are prepared for it.—Teddy Roosevelt

Daily Bible Readings

Good News from the
God of Love

January

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
<i>God Invites Us to Himself</i>		
1	Matthew	11.25-30
2	Isaiah	1.16-20
3	Isaiah	55.1-3, 6-9
4	Isaiah	48.10-18
5	Deuteronomy	30.11-14
6	Deuteronomy	30.15-20
<i>God Tells Us About Himself</i>		
7 Sunday	Psalm	8.1-9
8	Psalm	24.1-10
9	Psalm	29.1-11
10	Psalm	33.1-22
11	Psalm	111.1-10
12	Psalm	115.1-18
13	Psalm	136.1-26
<i>God Extends His Mercy to Us</i>		
14 Sunday	Psalm	50.1-15
15	Psalm	130.1-8
16	Psalm	84.1-12
17	Psalm	36.1-12
18	Psalm	107.1-9
19	Psalm	107.23-32
20	Isaiah	38.1-8
<i>God Listens to Us!</i>		
21 Sunday	Matthew	6.8-15
22	Acts	12.1-17
23	James	1.5-8
24	1 John	5.10-15
25	1 Timothy	2.1-6
26	Psalm	66.1-12
27	Psalm	66.13-20
<i>God Tells Us About Our Beginning</i>		
28 Sunday	Genesis	1.1-19
29	Genesis	1.20-31
30	Genesis	2.1-14
31	Genesis	2.15-25

Reprinted with permission of the American Bible Society, 1865 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023

Your Words

Betray You!

By Edward Breese

A TRULY sophisticated person has been described as one "who is wise in the ways of the world and skilled in the uses of the mind."

That definition, in case there's lingering doubt in your mind, involves a great deal more than familiarity with mores at a few cocktail bars and specialty restaurants or enslavement to a rather large clothing budget.

The sophisticated man or woman *isn't* a name dropper; but rather is someone capable of holding up his end of an interesting conversation with anyone he or she may meet. If a man, he can be relaxed and at ease with a cab driver or the Chairman of the Board. If a woman, she can

wear the same dress four nights running (with different accessories, to be sure!) and be remembered after each occasion as a standout in a room full of people.

It Can Be Acquired

Some people are born with these skills and attitudes. Sophistication appears to come as naturally to them as breathing. Without meaning to, they give an easy alibi to the hesitant, the clumsy, and the gauche.

The truth of it is that Sophistication (with the upper-case S) can be studied, practiced, and mastered much as any other art or social skill can be. It's just a matter of learning the rules, studying the pros, and

Mr. Breese is a freelancer living at 1511 Madrid Street, Coral Gables, Fla. 33134

practicing till it becomes second nature to you.

There isn't room here — or, for that matter, in anything short of an encyclopedia-sized volume — to cover the whole of this most fascinating subject. I'm going to concentrate instead on one of the *absolutely necessary* preliminary steps. Unless and until you do something substantial about this one you can forget about being a sophisticate.

I'm speaking, of course, of expanding your vocabulary. Whatever else the sophisticate may or may not have, a vocabulary of at least five (and better ten) times that of the average person is a *must* — a *sine qua non*.

The run-of-the-mill college graduate uses about two thousand words for most of his conversation. He *sometimes* (but infrequently) uses about eight thousand more. That's ten thousand in all, and there are about the same number in addition which he can more or less recognize when he sees them though he may or may not be sure of their proper spelling and exact meaning. He knows, let's say, that a marsupial is a mammal even if he can't draw you a picture of one.

A Command of Words

The genuine sophisticate can handle five to ten times more than that rather vague total of twenty thousand words. That's a main reason why he can *think* rings around Joe Graduate.

Your sophisticate can go farther and faster mentally than anyone else in the room. It's no accident — and

nobody's ever been born with a larger than average vocabulary. For the first few months we all make exactly the same squawks, gurgles, and bubbling noises.

Everybody has to *acquire* his vocabulary by learning it one word at a time. There's no other way. Anybody can do it, for after all, it is just one word at a time. The trouble with most people is that they stop too soon. They stop learning long before they have to, and very long before they have enough words to aspire to any sort of genuine sophistication. As a result, their minds are tightly boxed in by the iron walls of an inadequate vocabulary. Here's what I mean.

We do all our thinking in words. If you doubt me, try to dispense with "silent verbalizing" while you go over a topic in your mind. It can't be done. You *can* emote words (though you seldom do) but you *can't* think without pinning down and clarifying those thoughts by the use of words. If you doubt me, try it for as long as you like, and you'll find out for yourself.

Conversely — the more words there are at your command, the more things you can think about — and the more completely and exactly you can think about them.

Suppose you had only "blue," "bluer" and "less blue" to describe all shades of that well known color. Could you describe a seascape, a bowl of flowers or a column of men in uniform? How about description of a huckleberry, a robin's egg, a mountain, or a Siamese kitten's eyes.

It's only because we have dozens

of tone and modifier words that apply to color (any color) that a writer can truly paint with words.

It doesn't matter that you grew up with ordinary people and in an average school so that your vocabulary is small at first. Words and their meanings, both denotative and connotative, are available in any dictionary. If you don't know the eighty meanings of T.A.P., tap, you can look them up.

Read specialized dictionaries that apply to your job. Try a dictionary of synonyms (start by looking up "synonym" — it may surprise you!) or a thesaurus.

Underline five words on the front page of your daily paper which you think you recognize but can't define. Look them up. When you're learning such a definition copy it on a sheet of paper several times. That's the best memory fixer I know.

Read books and magazines you've

always considered "over your head," but keep the dictionary handy when you do. Get into the habit of underlining or writing down new words you see or hear and looking them up. Don't be afraid to ask someone the meaning of a word he or she has used. By this time you'll know quite a few he doesn't.

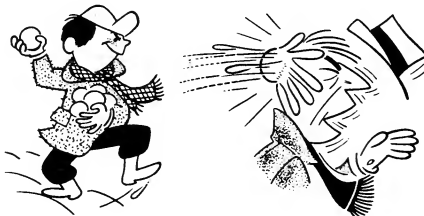
Take the trouble to do these simple things and your vocabulary *has to grow*. As it increases, so will your power to think and to express your thoughts. The room that holds your mind gets bigger and lighter. You're accomplishing the indispensable preliminary to becoming a sophisticate, and the more you learn the easier it becomes.

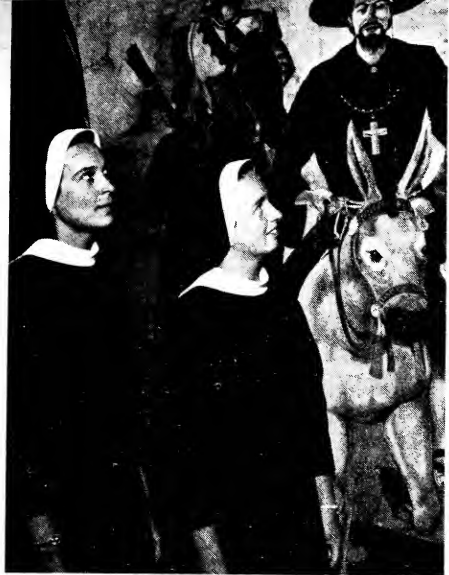
You'll literally amaze your associates. Better than that, you'll amaze yourself. Words are power. Frequently words mean success. They enable your mind to meet its potential. Try it and see.

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Job 32:9; 37:24; Pr. 12:15; Matt. 10:16; I Cor. 1:19, 20; 3:18.

1. Is there a difference between sophistication and wisdom? What is it? Does either require formal schooling?
2. In this author's terms, was Jesus sophisticated? St. Paul? St. Peter?
3. How important is non-verbal communication? In what areas of life?
4. Does your own experience confirm the author's stress on vocabulary?

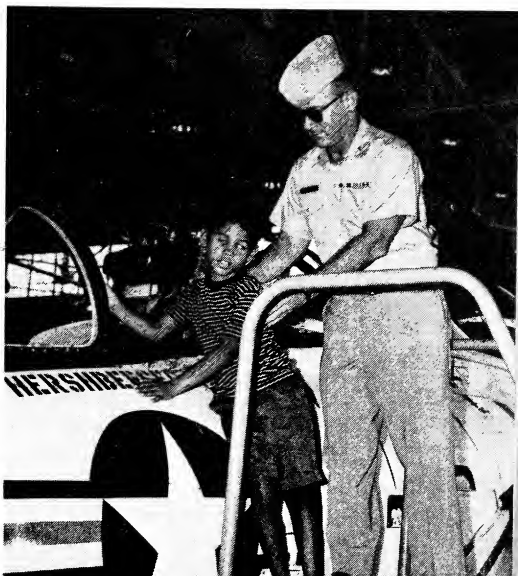




(Above, left) Sister Rose Elizabeth (1) and Sister Francis Mary, nuns from Ohio, inspect the colorful murals of the Officers' dining room in the hacienda at the Hunter Liggett Military Reservation, Calif., the field laboratory of the Army Combat Development Experimentation Command. The murals depict scenes of early California; in the foreground a Franciscan monk and a conquistadore lead the way. (Above, right) Chaplain (Capt.) Patrick Bohan, greets his sister, Francis Mary. The nuns teach in elementary schools in Cleveland and toured California while on leave. Chaplain Bohan was proud to have them visit Hunter Liggett — and they were delighted to see it.

News in Pictures

LCDR Joseph McCloskey, CHC, USN of Chase Field NAS helps 9-year-old Raymond Paz, a blind boy from Sinton, Tex., during a tour of the station and Training Squadron 25. After hearing an explanation of the TF-9J "Cougar Jet" (above), Raymond was taken to a helicopter, was shown an ejection seat, and found out what it is like to wear a helmet and an oxygen mask.





(Above) This lighted sign at the main gate of Naval Station, Guam, reminds all of the plight of POW's.



Members of the Protestant Congregation join hands to display their POW-MIA bracelets at Guam.

New officers of PMOC, Thule AFB, Greenland shown here are (l-r): President, SSgt Nate Ruffin; Vice President, TSgt Ed Johnson; Program Chairman, SSgt Joe Wilson; and Photographer, Captain (Dr.) Jon Seiler. They serve terms of six months in office.



Three Marines from Naval Station Guam join in the hymns during special services for our POW's and MIA's.



The Link Calendar

A new year is at hand. Each of us has come through another twelve months. To some 1972 brought gladness, to others great sorrow, but to all have come new circumstances and hence new possibilities. As we take stock at year's end, make our resolves, and chart our goals for 1973, may we offer our lives anew to God. No matter what the new year brings, his purposes can triumph through us. Whatever comes, we *can* make it a good year!

- Jan. 1** Monday, New Year's Day. The LINK begins its 31st year of continuous publication. On this day the Christian Church acknowledges Jesus' Hebrew lineage in the Feast of the Circumcision. Bowl games everywhere today.
- Jan. 6** The EPIPHANY, the traditional Twelfth Day of Christmas, marks the end of the Nativity Celebration, is usually kept with Services of Lights and commemorates Christ's manifestation to the Gentiles.
- Jan. 7** First Sunday after Epiphany.
- Jan. 8** Andrew Jackson Day in honor of the hero of the Battle of New Orleans.
- Jan. 9** President Nixon's 60th birthday.
- Jan. 14** Second Sunday after the Epiphany.
- Jan. 15** Dr. Martin Luther King's birthday — born in 1929.
- Jan. 17** Benjamin Franklin born this day in 1706.
- Jan. 18** Annual Week of Prayer for Church Unity begins. Daniel Webster born this day in 1782.
- Jan. 19** Robert E. Lee born in 1807.
- Jan. 20** The President of the United States is inaugurated this day.
- Jan. 21** Third Sunday after the Epiphany.
- Jan. 25** Feast of St. Paul, the Apostle. Robert Burns, Scottish poet, born this day in 1759.
- Jan. 27** Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart born this day in 1756.
- Jan. 28** Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.
- Jan. 30** Holiday of the Three Hierarchs, Eastern Orthodox Holy Day commemorating St. Basil, St. Gregory, and St. John Chrysostom.

Respect, courtesy, and patience are the results of an inner patience which is a concomitant of maturity, and the quest for maturity spans a life-time.
—Rabbi Walter Plaut

Worth Repeating

Conscience is that still, small voice that tells you what other people should do.

The best way to bring up children is not to let them know it.

A dividend is a certain percentage per annum, perhaps.

Beware of a loose tongue. It may lead to loose teeth.

Some gals' idea of housework is to sweep the room with a glance.

The honeymoon is over when bushels of kisses are reduced to little pecks.

Courtship is what makes a man spoon, but marriage is what makes him fork over.

Learning to control one's own sharp tongue is the placid test.

Psychiatry is the art of making a man take his medicine lying down.

If some skeptics thought seeing was believing, they wouldn't look.

Some people never change their opinion because it's been in the family for generations.

Only one man has succeeded in ruling the world. He makes maps.

Men consider a fifty-mile hike as physical fitness. Women call it shopping.

In an updated Monopoly game, the player who buys all four railroads goes bankrupt.

Books Are Friendly Things

Red Star Over Bethlehem by Ira Hirschmann. Simon and Schuster, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020 1971. 192 pp. \$5.95, cloth.

There are many books on the crisis in the Middle East. The ever-enlarging Navy of the Soviet Union contests that of the United States in the Mediterranean waters off the coasts of Israel and the Arab nations. More than that, the influence of Russia increases immeasurably in the Arab countries. This is a well done account of the aims of Russia and the way in which she has gained and commands her influence among the Arab nations. Here is a somewhat new perspective on one of the oldest, most troubled spots in the world, as well as a fresh and somewhat startling examination of the issues and present alignments. Those interested in the Middle East crisis would learn much from this book by a well-informed and experienced observer of the area.

—Leon A. Dickinson, Jr.

Is the Family Here to Stay? by David A. Hubbard. Word Books, 4800 W. Waco Drive, Waco Tex. 76703 1971. 97 pp. \$2.95, cloth.

Counselors and chaplains confronted with challenges to the sacredness of the marriage vow will find this volume a stimulating and helpful aid. The chapter headings signal the topics. The cross fire of evil threatening the home is effectually dealt with in readable style, amply fortified with biblical references. Good for the family to read, too.

—C. Emil Nelson

Builders by the Sea, History of the Ursuline Community of Galveston, Texas, by S. M. Johnston. Exposition Press, Inc. 50 Jericho Turnpike, Jericho, N.Y. 11753 1971. 286 pp. \$7.50, cloth.

Dedication personified, this history of the intrepid band of Ursuline nuns reveals a unique mixture of faith and works. Undaunted by lack of funds, the resourcefulness of the sisters produced incredible results. Exciting, inspiring, and challenging for all in this day of failing faith. Their formula will work again if only tried. Their faith can be our strength, too.

—C. Emil Nelson

There is no such thing as a little country. The greatness of a people is no more determined by their numbers than the greatness of a man is determined by his height.—Victor Hugo

Prayers

for the New Year

ETERNAL GOD, who doth make all things new, and yet dost abide forever the same: grant us to begin this year in thy faith and to continue it in thy favor; that, being guided in all our doings, and guarded all our days, we may spend our lives in thy service, and finally by thy grace attain the glory of everlasting life. Amen.

O FATHER everlasting, the light of faithful souls, who dost bring the nations to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising: fill the world with thy glory, and show thyself unto all nations; through him who is the true light and the bright and morning star, Jesus Christ. Amen.

LORD JESUS, our Master, go with us while we travel to the heavenly country, that, following thy star, we may not wander in the darkness of this world's night, while thou who are our Way and Truth and Life dost shine within us to our journey's end. Amen.

O GRACIOUS FATHER, we humbly beseech thee for thy holy Catholic Church; that thou wouldest be pleased to fill it with all truth, in all peace. Where it is corrupt, purify it; where it is in error, direct it; where in any thing it is amiss, reform it. Where it is right, establish it; where it is in want, provide for it; where it is divided, reunite it; for the sake of him who died and rose again and ever liveth to make intercession for us, Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

O GOD, who dost endow some with many talents, grant us to use them as a solemn trust from thee; that we may put out at heavenly usury our health, our faith, our strength, our wealth, our time, and our influence with others; all in accord with thy holy will. Amen.

At Ease!



“How long were you in the Navy?”

The woman was upset. “My husband,” she told the doctor, “seems to be wandering in his mind.”

“Don’t worry about that,” said the doctor. “I know your husband. He can’t go far.”

A newly elected Congressman finally consented to putting his wife’s brother on his staff payroll.

“Now, just what will my position be?” asked the brother-in-law. “Important, I hope.”

“Yes, it is important,” the Congressman answered. “I’m giving you a public relations job—but don’t make it public that you and I are relations!”

A noted astronomer found himself airborne next to an Anglican bishop and said to him, “I never had much interest in theology. My religion can be summed up, ‘Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.’”

“Well,” the bishop responded, “I’ve had little time for astronomy. My views are summed up in ‘Twinkle, twinkle, little star.’”

An employer, reprimanding a meek employee, said, “Jones, I understand you’ve been going over my head.”

The meek one replied, “Well, sir, I have been praying for a raise.”

The Sunday school teacher asked the class what song they would like to sing. Little Jimmy piped up, “Oh, Teacher, can we sing ‘The Laundry Song?’”

Not recognizing it as any song she had taught the class, she suggested, “Tell us how it goes, Jimmy.”

“Oh, you remember,” answered the boy. And he sang, “Bringing in the sheets, bringing in the sheets; we shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheets.”

A politician, a surgeon, and an engineer were arguing over whose profession was the first one to be established.

“Mine was,” said the surgeon. “The Bible says that Eve was created by excising a rib from Adam.”

“But before that,” said the engineer, “a six-day engineering job created the earth out of utter chaos.”

“Aha,” said the politician. “But who created the chaos?”

U. S. POSTAL SERVICE STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)		SEE INSTRUCTIONS ON PAGE 2 (REVERSE)
1. TITLE OF PUBLICATION THE LINK		2. DATE OF FILING 10/4/72
3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE Monthly		
4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION (Street, city, county, state, ZIP code) (Not printers) 122 Maryland Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C. 20002		
5. LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS (Not printers) 122 Maryland Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C. 20002		
6. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR		
PUBLISHER (Name and address) The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel 122 Maryland Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C. 20002		
EDITOR (Name and address) The Rev. A. Ray Appelquist 122 Maryland Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C. 20002		
MANAGER EDITOR (Name and address) The Rev. Edward I. Swanson 122 Maryland Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C. 20002		
7. OWNER (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.)		
NAME		ADDRESS
The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel (no stockholders)		122 Maryland Avenue, N. E. Washington, D. C. 20002
8. KNOWN BONDHOLDERS, MORTGAGEES, AND OTHER SECURITY HOLDERS OWNING OR HOLDING 1 PERCENT OR MORE OF TOTAL AMOUNT OF BONDS, MORTGAGES OR OTHER SECURITIES (If there are none, so state)		
NAME		ADDRESS
None		
9. FOR OPTIONAL COMPLETION BY PUBLISHERS MAILING AT THE REGULAR RATES (Section 132.121, Postal Service Manual)		
39 U. S. C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates."		
In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in Item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U. S. C. 3626.		
(Signature and title of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner) <i>A. Ray Appelquist, Executive Editor</i>		
10. FOR COMPLETION BY NONPROFIT ORGANIZATIONS AUTHORIZED TO MAIL AT SPECIAL RATES (Section 132.122, Postal Manual) (Check one)		
The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes		(If changed, publisher must submit explanation of change with this statement.)
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Have not changed during preceding 12 months		<input type="checkbox"/> Have changed during preceding 12 months
11. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION	AVERAGE NO. COPIES EACH ISSUE DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS	ACTUAL NUMBER OF COPIES OF SINGLE ISSUE PUBLISHED NEAREST TO FILING DATE
A. TOTAL NO. COPIES PRINTED (Net Press Run)	40,600	38,000
B. PAID CIRCULATION		
1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS AND CARRIERS, STREET VENDORS AND COUNTER SALES	None	None
2. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS	38,500	36,500
C. TOTAL PAID CIRCULATION	30,000	28,500
D. FREE DISTRIBUTION BY MAIL, CARRIER OR OTHER MEANS		
1. SAMPLES, COMPLIMENTARY, AND OTHER FREE COPIES	8,500	8,000
2. COPIES DISTRIBUTED TO NEWS AGENTS, BUT NOT SOLD	None	None
E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION (Sum of C and D)	38,500	36,500
F. OFFICE USE, LEFT-OVER, UNACCOUNTED, SPOILED AFTER PRINTING	2,100	1,500
G. TOTAL (Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)	40,600	38,000
(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner) <i>A. Ray Appelquist, Exec. Editor</i>		
I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.		



